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THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: HOTCHKISS QUICK-FIRING GUNS IN THE MILITARY TOP.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The accounts of Mr. Maxim's adventure with his flying machine are a little various, and suggest different degrees of refreshment in the reporters. After a good lunch these gentlemen, like the rest of us, are apt to take rosy views of what is presented to them, but on an empty stomach not even an aerial machine can make much way. Some say the Thing went 500 ft. horizontally and 4 ft. in the air, and but for a wooden barrier would have taken the inventor, like the voice of the (late) Queen of the May, "beyond the sun"! Four feet, for all practical purposes, we are told, are as good as four hundred; and, indeed, if your machine comes down with you, as in this case, much better. Other narrators are less enthusiastic, and at best express an opinion that the Thing made such a hole in the ground as it could hardly have made if it had not dropped from somewhere. My own impression is that it will be some time before the military authorities find it necessary to interdict the Thing, on account of its menace to our insular security. As early as 1817 a country clergyman in Lower Saxony was, we are told, "so happy as to succeed in accomplishing the invention of an air-ship." The machine was by no means so complicated as the Maxim invention, but in one particular there was a striking resemblance: "The height to which the inventor has ascended in it is not considerable, because his attention has been more directed to give a progressive than an ascending motion." The movements of all air machines hitherto have had a similar direction.

The manager of a voluntary school is so good as to send me an extract from an essay on newspapers, contributed by a young lady student. He thinks it possible it may teach me a little humility, by showing what a subordinate part in the Press is played by a weekly journal. "Weekly papers are printed for the use of poor people, who cannot afford to buy daily papers. In the daily papers there is everything that goes on in the day, and also advertisements."

The lists of "the ugly men" competition at Brussels are, we are told, being rapidly filled up. This will doubtless be adduced by some people to prove that vanity is not an attribute of the male. The experience of almost every portrait-painter, however, is to the contrary. Man is more particular about his representative on canvas looking his best than looking like himself, and is, on the whole, harder to please than woman; but then it is only a few men, as compared with women, who have their portraits taken at all. Those who do so are to a certain extent a selected class, and not selected, as at Brussels, for their ugliness. Unless men are exceptionally good looking or very silly, they prefer to pique themselves upon some other quality than good looks. The intellectual ones are fond of quoting squinting Wilkes's boast that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England; and delicately intimate that as regards the fair sex they have found the observation correct. I knew a distinguished officer who was what is called in Wiltshire "sinful ordinary" as to looks, and who was perfectly conscious of it. "I am quite aware," he used to say, "that I am the ugliest man in the British Army, but then" (and here he used to throw his shoulders back) "I have probably the finest figure." The Duc de Rochole, the favourite of Louis XIV., was very forbidding both in face and person: but there was another nobleman at Court who was still less agreeable looking; this person had killed a man in a duel, and besought De Rochole's interest with the King for pardon. "Why do you want to save this fellow's life?" asked the monarch. "Sire," replied the Duke, "if he were to suffer, I should be left the ugliest man in France."

I once knew an old gentleman so terribly disfigured by the smallpox that children used to gaze at his face with amazement. "Yes, my dears," he used to say, with a really sweet smile, "it is very beautifully carved, is it not?" As when people grow very old they become proud of it, so it is with some persons who are very plain; they exaggerate what is amiss with them. As regards the candidates at Brussels, their chief motive is probably to gain a prize, but notoriety is also, we may be sure, a great attraction. This passion has of late become very widespread, and is responsible—as in the case of the Anarchists—even for the gravest crimes. The young negro minister who, when leading a prayer-meeting, commenced it with the aspiration "Lord, make thy servant conspicuous," has had many imitators both in and out of the pulpit, but until of late years it was confined to a few individuals; nor, indeed, were there the same opportunities for its display. A very mild example of it, the habit of carving one's name in prominent places, is somewhere defended by gentle-hearted Leigh Hunt. It is a vulgar and egotistic custom, he admits, but everyone wishes to be known to his fellows, and it is the only means that falls to the lot of the million of becoming so. But nowadays people are not satisfied with carving their names.

That delightful naturalist, White of Selborne, has at last had a memorial erected to him. The effect of it will be both wholesome and useful, and it is infinitely preferable to a third-rate statue not in the least like, which is the form such memorials too often take; still, it gives one the

notion that the Selbornites are an eminently practical race: although on honour they were bent they had a frugal mind. The naturalist's monument is, in fact, a good supply of water to the village, which will do away with the poetical but inconvenient plan hitherto in vogue of fetching it from the fountain at the springhead. This is at least better, from the romantic point of view, than the erection of a gasometer, or some sanitary improvement as to sewage; it will also be pleasing to the teetotalers. If it reminds us a little too much of the "Grand Junction," let us hope the idea was taken from the modest epitaph written for himself by the author of "Hyperion": "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

The Peace Society has cause to congratulate itself that we have picture papers, for the counterfeit presentments they afford us of Chinese, Korean, and Japanese soldiers are calculated to strip war of its attractions. To the European eye the forces of the Emperor and of the Mikado seem equally ill-adapted for fighting and running away. The best of them look like "supers" from the Savoy. Apart from the massacre on shipboard the military occurrences have a ludicrous air. The Viceroy has had his Yellow Jacket taken away—as though he had been suspended by the Jockey Club—and hundreds of deserters have been beheaded, their pigtailed cut off first as a mark of especial disgrace, and the information imparted to them that eternal happiness has been denied them. It would be interesting to know whether the declaration of war has quickened the movements of the Korean aristocracy: it is a mark of good birth with them never to walk alone, but always to be supported by somebody else. "I wish I was behind you with a bradawl!" is an aspiration that might now be adopted (with the substitution of a spear for the more domestic weapon) by the Japanese soldiery. These persons, like their adversaries, seem to go to battle in their dressing-gowns, and they are often magnificent. The whole affair appears Gilbertian and grotesque to the last degree, save when the ironclads, with all their newest improvements, come in with ghastly realism.

We have nearer home as gruesome yet humorous a spectacle in the brigandism recently revived in Sicily. There is nothing more terrible and at the same time incongruous, while in the enjoyment of a holiday, or in search of the picturesque, than this falling into the hands of brigands. It is a thing so unexpected as to seem incredible until it has actually happened. A college friend of mine, while exploring the antiquities of Greece, met, with some companions, with this sinister fate, so amazing that even when the catastrophe had occurred it seemed to lack reality. Until the difficulties about their ransom began they were treated well by their captors, and permitted to write letters to their friends; one of them describes how they were taken to church in the mountains, where they met the wife of their banker in Athens, and conversed with her; they were, however, always well guarded, and it was plain to see that the peasantry and the brigands were on the best of terms. Their closeness to civilisation, while in the very hold of barbarism, kept up their spirits, and gave them delusive hopes. But every man of them, in the end, was murdered, save the one who was permitted to leave in order to negotiate the ransom. This the Greek Government refused to allow, and troops were sent out, which accelerated the catastrophe they could not avert. In Sicily we read that "public opinion is divided" about brigandism—that is to say that people who live in the country are obliged to keep a civil tongue in their heads if they wish to keep their heads on their shoulders. It does not, however, appear to have an organ of its own, which seems a pity. One would like to read a Sicilian journal attached to Conservative institutions, and pointing out that, though there had been abuses—such as the sending on the fingers and toes of captives to facilitate business—the system had, on the whole, worked well. Other leader-writers might take a Protectionist view of the matter, and while deploring or denouncing this "lopping" treatment of native proprietors, might admit that in the case of alien visitors—such as British bankers—it brought money into the country in larger sums than would otherwise be obtained.

The "summer fever" in China is now, we are told, at its height. The first symptoms of it appear in "the rats who rush madly into the presence of human beings, and after capering around fall dead." Persons unacquainted with this phenomenon must be considerably surprised; some of them who have seen rats "capering around" before will probably mistake their own coming disorder for one of quite another kind. It will be a relief to them to be assured by some faithful servant, who is acquainted with his master's peculiarities, that they are actual rodents. "Do not be afraid, Sir, it is a real one." The cattle are the next subjects of attack. Cows begin to "caper around," to the great inconvenience of the milkmaids. The foreigner thinks that they are very playful, whereas the poor things are only feverish. A bull with the summer fever in China behaves like the proverbial bull in the china shop. Flushed with triumph after its havoc among the cattle and "small deer," the epidemic finally attacks mankind. "In a few hours the enlargement of a gland takes place in the form of a small, hard lump, and the patient too often succumbs at the end

of the second or the beginning of the third day." Even if he recovers, he has been so saturated with musk (which is the native remedy) that his society is intolerable. The people who have been telling us of late in husky tones that there is nothing so bad as hay fever have never had summer fever in China.

Somebody has been complaining to the newspapers that telegraph clerks are not taught Latin. He says he wrote a Latin word in a telegram, and they could make nothing of it—not even English. But what business had he to do anything so unreasonable? People who use words and phrases from a foreign language unnecessarily are thought to be cultured and accomplished, whereas they are in reality possessed of a very limited vocabulary. Some commonplace French or Latin name occurs to them, and they use it in default of an English equivalent. The only excuse for a gentleman who interlards his telegram with foreign phrases is that he is getting on in years. "The first warning" is supposed to be the loss of memory; but it is more commonly a difficulty in finding synonyms. If the veteran author could be by any possibility induced to own that there was the least sign of senility about him—that even his methods had altered in the least degree—he would admit that he has more often to consult his "Thesaurus." Execrations, however, are the last things to leave us. I have known persons in old age, suffering from gout, not only to remember a whole string of them, but to develop new expressions.

What a cheap and delightful treat must be that excursion one sees advertised to Rome and Lucerne, for sixteen guineas, with benefit of clergy! To travel in company with an archdeacon is itself a privilege, but the additional advantage of having one's mind enlarged by a travelling professor, who will lecture upon all objects of interest on the way, seems to leave nothing to be desired. The only thing to be feared (besides being left behind) is that one should "draw too proud a breath," and sniff at Cook and his uncultured crew. There is a heaven even higher still attainable, though it is true the figure is also considerably higher, and indeed no less than fifty guineas. For this a *tour de luxe* through Italy is to be obtained, in company with the son of a live bishop, who will give lectures upon almost everything. What next, one wonders, and next? If "Co-operative Educational Travel" prove financially successful, there seems no reason why these trips should not be personally conducted by real bishops. There would also be opportunities for members of the House of Peers, while it still exists, to turn an honest penny by assisting in these excursions. It is evident that their exclusive character and the society that is to be found in them form a great part of their attraction. It is almost incredible that the desire for culture and the constant attentions of an æsthetic lecturer can be a sufficient bait. But if so who are the excursionists? They must be the people who, having read the Hundred Best Books, have been recommended by their medical advisers to try foreign travel. Amusement and recreation would be dangerous remedies to patients of this kind; but, mitigated by information and chastened by clerical authority, they are enabled, I suppose, to take their pleasures sadly and safely.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* expresses his surprise that "Dodo" and "Marcella" should be both so popular; it seems to him to show a certain contradictoriness in the public taste. The fact is, however, that the world of novel-readers is a very large one, and is split up into as many divisions, and those as antagonistic to one another, as the religious world. With a large portion, the personal novel, provided it has a certain fashionable flavour, is always popular: its readers—who are not themselves all in the fashion—imagine that it introduces them behind the scenes, and exhibits the mysteries of high life; they are made to feel that they too are of the "Upper Ten," and when they are told whom the characters are meant for, they perceive at once their life-like resemblance to the originals: the conversation need not be very sparkling provided they are assured that it is carried on by persons of quality, and if it is rather "risky" they see no such offence in it as they would be quick enough to perceive were it placed in the mouths of their equals. A large and increasing minority of this class are, however, being taught to welcome indecency for its own sake, and under the guise of philosophic wit it is permeating quite a little library of modern fiction. It is to be noticed that none of the authors of these works are story-tellers; they have no story to tell, but merely describe the commonplace gaieties of fashionable life with arch innuendoes at the relations between the sexes. The contempt in which these two classes of readers are held by the admirers of what may be called legitimate fiction is unspeakable, and these are numerous enough to have bestowed fame and fortune on Stevenson, Doyle, and Weyman in a very few years. The clients of works of the "Marcella" class are also numerous, but are recruited from quite other quarters. Some of them, but not many, are novel-readers, but the vast majority are earnest and serious persons who do not generally approve of the novel, but are nevertheless glad to get hold of one which they can read without a loss of self-respect, or the necessity of hiding it in a drawer (like Archdeacon Grantly) when their privacy is intruded on.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

It may be said that there are now seven parties in the House of Commons. They are the main body of the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Liberal Unionists, the Nationalists, the Parnellites, Dr. Clark and Mr. Storey, and, lastly, Dr. Macgregor and Mr. Galloway Weir. I have to chronicle an alarming split in the seventh party. Dr. Macgregor and Mr. Weir are both leaders of men. The first has all the courage and independence of the clan made famous by Rob Roy. Mr. Weir is, I imagine, a Lowlander, but his pertinacity and his appetite for information are alike prodigious. Together these statesmen have harassed the Government. Dr. Macgregor has repeatedly voted with the Opposition to show his disapproval of a Ministry who will not find time this session for the Crofters Act Amendment Bill. That superlatively important measure has been thrown overboard by a callous Chancellor of the Exchequer. But Mr. Weir was determined to make one last stand. Would the Government, he asked, call an autumn session to deal with this Bill? The House held its breath. It was impossible to say that Sir William Harcourt would not yield to this appeal. He appeared to be meditating deeply, when up rose Dr. Macgregor and declared that he did not associate himself with Mr. Weir's request. The wary Chancellor saw his opportunity. Had the seventh party remained solid, he might not have dared to defy them; but disunited, he could treat his fragment with indifference. So he made a reply so flippant that I cannot bring myself to record it. The House recovered from its momentary panic, and even laughed, but I should be sorry to express any approbation of such levity.

The House has disposed of the rest of its Scotch affairs with great dispatch. How wise the Government were in sticking to their Scotch Grand Committee, in spite of vehement objurgations, is shown by the fact that the Report and third reading of that measure were passed without difficulty. Had the Bill been considered in Committee of the whole House, it could only have been got through by jostling the Budget, and in that event it would probably have been abandoned. Another measure to which a strong resistance was threatened is the London Rates Bill, but that, too, has been piloted through the Commons with comparative ease, and without any serious division. From one point of view, Ministers have managed the bulk of their business with no small dexterity, and, with the possible exception of Mr. Morley, they must have eaten their whitebait dinner at Greenwich with the relish of contentment. Oddly enough, on a measure which was discussed for the greater part of two sittings they made no sign whatever. This was the Eight-Hours (Miners) Bill. It was read a second time in April by a majority of eighty-seven, and out of the fag end of the Session Sir William Harcourt graciously allowed two days for its discussion in Committee. But he took no further interest in it, and the Treasury bench was nearly empty while the Radicals below the gangway were disputing whether it should be compulsory or whether mining districts should have the right of contracting themselves out of it. Mr. David Thomas proposed an amendment in favour of local option, and Ministers thought it judicious to sit tight and say nothing. This may have been the more prudent course, for the amendment was eventually carried by a majority of five, and the Bill was forthwith withdrawn by its promoters. But there will not be wanting candid friends to say that the Government shirked the issue. It was no Bill of theirs, but the spectacle of a Ministry without any definite purpose on an important question debated with their consent is scarcely inspiring. Possibly they thought that local option was so ticklish a business that it is best left alone if there is no paramount necessity to talk about it. Mr. Chamberlain expressed himself on the subject with considerable freedom, and a manifest enjoyment of the Ministerial silence. The Liberal representatives of Northumberland and Durham eyed the Government with displeasure, and even the faithful Sir Joseph Pease went so far as to move to report progress, a burst of independence which set the Liberal Unionists chuckling. This, no doubt, was another good reason why the Government held their peace. They did not seem to be dejected when the amendment was carried and the Bill was practically destroyed, but there was a slight anxiety, as of men who were inwardly remarking, "We shall hear of this again." And from the thorough-going eight-hours men they certainly will.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER.

Florence Ellen Hungerford Henniker, *née* Milnes, whose portrait is annexed, is the younger daughter of the first Lord Houghton and sister of the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and of the Hon. Lady Fitzgerald. The literary bias which has almost resulted in placing Mrs. Henniker on the list of professional authors may possibly be hereditary in her, for it manifested itself at an early age—a quaint devotional fervour, not uncommon in imaginative children, taking the form of an enthusiasm for the writing of hymns. Possibly also her having been surrounded through childhood and youth by literary personages of all classes and countries, whom her father was accustomed to entertain at Fryston Hall and in London, made her early familiar with the idea of putting her thoughts upon paper. But it was not till within the last three or four years that she decided to publish as fiction the experiences of life gained in England and abroad by one who has certainly had good opportunities of observing it. Her first and wholly experimental novel, bearing the amateurish title of "Bid Me Good-bye," was followed by a tale of stronger characterisation called "Sir George," which has lately



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER, SISTER OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

been republished in one volume. Last year Mrs. Henniker issued a longer novel entitled "Foiled," wherein the growing strength shown in character-drawing makes the reader indifferent to the absence of a well-compacted plot. A volume of short stories called "Outlines," published this year, evidences a literary form and style sufficient to carry their author through more ambitious performances. Mrs. Henniker has also written tales for the *Cornhill*, *Blackwood*, *English Illustrated*, and other magazines, and has published some scattered translations of French and Italian verse. Her note of individuality, her own personal and peculiar way of looking at life, without which neither aristocrat nor democrat, fair woman nor foul, has any right to take a stand before the public as author, may be called that of emotional imaginativeness, lightened by a quick sense of the odd, and by touches of observation lying midway between wit and humour.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The unexpected termination, by Admiralty orders, of this year's mimic maritime warfare between the "Blue" and the "Red" Fleets in the seas around Ireland, which had continued fewer days than usual, and which had not been characterised by exciting vicissitudes or impromptu movements, was briefly announced in our last. It was occasioned by the official decision, communicated to the Admirals on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 7, that the game of naval strategy and tactics was closed by

the award of the umpires in favour of the "Blue" fleet, with regard to the general action fought on the Sunday morning, about twenty miles south of the Isle of Man. Each fleet, it will be remembered, was divided into two squadrons, coming from different stations, but seeking to co-operate, and, if possible, to join each other; the A and B squadrons, under Admiral Fitzroy and Admiral Dale respectively, were the "Reds"; while the C and D squadrons were the "Blues," commanded by Admiral Seymour and Admiral Drummond, not to mention torpedo-boat flotillas. The "Blues" contrived to effect a junction in the Irish Sea to the south of Belfast, and to attack the B Squadron, Admiral Dale's, with such an overwhelming force that, in real warfare, it must have been destroyed; and although he persisted in entering Belfast, claiming to have escaped defeat because the conflict had not lasted two hours, he is adjudged to have been in the wrong. The only success allowed to have been won by the "Reds," or rather, the only loss imputed to the "Blues," is that H.M.S. *Edinburgh* and H.M.S. *Colossus*, having unwarily approached within the prescribed limits of the Belfast defences, must be deemed to have been captured. Our illustrations are of certain kinds of modern naval artillery—the gigantic 67-ton gun, with its fine machinery which could be set in motion by a child, and the Hotchkiss machine-guns, placed in the tops, for pouring bullets upon an enemy's deck when the hostile ship is close at hand.

COWES REGATTA.

The congress of yachts and yachtsmen in Cowes Roads and off Ryde at this season, continuing several weeks, comprises in its proceedings the races arranged, for different times, by separate yacht clubs using the waters of the Solent, and sometimes sailing round the Isle of Wight. The matches of the Royal Yacht Squadron, after the winning of the German Emperor's *Meteor* challenge trophy shield by the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*, on Friday, Aug. 10, were followed by those of the Portsmouth Corinthian Club, stationed at Southsea; and on Tuesday, Aug. 14, began the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta, with the *Britannia*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Satanita* competing in the most important match. The Emperor's yacht *Meteor* has not been very successful this year; but fresh honours have been gained by the Prince of Wales's yacht, which again defeated the American *Vigilant*, owned by Mr. Gould, in the race for the Cowes Town Cup. A special match between these two, for a hundred-guinea cup offered by Lord Wolverton, has been arranged for Wednesday, Aug. 15, to start outside the Needles, to sail fifteen miles to windward and then return, as in the New York races for the *America* challenge cup. On Tuesday, the *Satanita*, with a strong breeze peculiarly favourable to her, defeated the *Britannia* in the race for the Vice-Commodore's Cup of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

The Chinese Empire draws attention by the outbreak of war between China and Japan, which may have important consequences, seeing that both those Eastern Asiatic Powers are now furnished with naval and military armaments of the modern European pattern. The reigning dynasty of China is of Mantchu Tartar origin; and the imperial capital, Peking, is situated far to the north, within forty miles of the famous Great Wall dividing Chinese Tartary, or Mongolia, from the province of Peche-li, the coast of which, directly opposite to Corea, lies on a gulf of the Yellow Sea. Our view of the north-west entrance-gate of the city is from a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price. To most European commercial men or travellers in China, the treaty ports, on the sea-coast and on the great rivers, are much more familiar than the metropolis of the empire. Next to Hong-Kong, which is a valuable British possession and mercantile colony, Shanghai, near the estuary of the Yang-tze-Kiang, is the principal resort of foreign trade. We give a view of one of the wharves at Shanghai.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

The Falls of Gairsoppa, on the Sheravutty River, in North Canara, a dependency of the Madras Presidency, but situated near the west coast of Southern India, were described last week. Another of Mr. William Simpson's sketches of the wild and sublime effects of the tremendous cataract is placed before our readers. He informs us that the almost perpendicular descent of the water is 823 ft. in this Maharajah Fall. On the same page is shown, though belonging to a very distant and very dissimilar region of British India, in one of the most elevated valleys of the Himalaya, the river Sutlej, there a raging torrent in a rocky highland glen. It is crossed by a "jhoola," or rope-bridge, which is more like the cable with the "breeches-buoy" used on our sea-shore to rescue the lives of sailors after a shipwreck. The passenger takes his seat in a loop of rope made to slide along the stretched cable, and is hauled over by men on the opposite bank of the river.





AT CUPID'S FOUNTAIN.

PERSONAL.

The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner at Greenwich this week is the first revival for fifteen years of that once-celebrated function. Lord Beaconsfield patronised it last in 1879, but Mr. Gladstone had no taste for entertainments of that kind. Lord Tweedmouth seems to have been the moving spirit of the dinner this time. Probably his enforced leisure in the House of Lords has hung heavily on his hands. If he can no longer organise the Ministerial legions in the division lobby of the Commons, a dinner is perhaps the next best thing. Besides, impertinent gossips do say that the relations between two very eminent members of the Cabinet are not of the most harmonious kind. Lord Tweedmouth may think that under the genial influence of whitebait he may succeed in restoring harmony.

The Duke of Argyll has been paying off some old scores against Lord Rosebery. The Prime Minister has spoken disrespectfully of the noble Duke at various seasons. In the debate on the Evicted Tenants Bill in the Lords MacCallum More had his revenge. He doubted whether the Premier was more than the figure-head of the Government, and he remembered that he was practising Liberal principles when Lord Rosebery was still in long clothes. To these amiable amenities Lord Rosebery listened in an attitude which is a favourite one with him, and which, if it does not suggest the period of long clothes, is distinctly juvenile. He stretched out his legs and clasped his hands on the top of his head, beating a tattoo there with his fingers. The Duke of Argyll had some pleasant things to say about Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt. He always introduces these agreeable strictures by remarking that the object of them is one of his oldest friends. The spectacle reminds one of the schoolmaster who, as he selects a nice new birch-rod, dwells strongly on his great respect for the culprit's family.

Two historic events in the world of journalism and periodical literature have to be recorded. It is understood that Mr. Charles Dickens has sold *All the Year Round* and *Household Words*. The first came to Mr. Dickens by inheritance, *Household Words* being then incorporated with the younger periodical. Some years ago separate publication was resumed. It is also said that the *Saturday Review* has been sold at last to Mr. McCarthy (not Justin of that ilk) who conducts the *Observer*. The price is reported to have been only a thousand pounds.

By the death of Mr. Peter Esslemont, Scotland has lost another of those sturdy specimens of the self-made man on

whom any eminence she may possess mainly rests. "Peter," as Mr. Esslemont was familiarly called in the North, was born sixty years ago in the Aberdeenshire parish of Udney. Like all Scotch boys, he had the advantage of a sound elementary education at the parish school; and, as the son of



Photo by Fradette and Young.
THE LATE MR. PETER ESSELMONT.

a small working farmer, he knew from boyhood the vicissitudes of the tillers of the soil. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a draper in Aberdeen, and during the next forty years he rapidly rose in the commercial and municipal life of the town, until at last he became head of a great drapery establishment and Provost of the Granite City, his municipal reign being marked by the initiation of great city improvements. But his ambition did not stop there, and he entered Parliament as Liberal representative for East Aberdeenshire in 1885, holding the seat until two years ago, when he was made Chairman of the Scotch Fishery Board. His rise from a humble farm to an office under the Crown was the result of unflagging energy, industry, an indomitable will, and a large amount of tact. He was a clever debater, and to the end retained much of his vigorous native Doric.

There is talk of setting up newspaper kiosks in London. An enterprising vestry is said to have the scheme in contemplation. There are two obvious objections. The street sale of newspapers in London is not to be compared to the street sale in Paris, because the Londoner does not buy his paper and sit down outside a café to read it. No doubt the kiosks would be largely utilised for advertisements, but the pictorial quality of our hoardings does not make us yearn for flaring posters on circular structures starting up from the pavement every few yards. The Parisian poster is characteristic of Paris, and cannot be imitated here.

We deeply regret to learn that a picture of H.M.S. *Northampton* and certain remarks on naval recruiting in our last issue have led to some misunderstanding. It is a mistake to suppose that this fine ship cruises about covered with ribbons like a recruiting-sergeant on shore. Nor is the ship's brass band employed to lure youth with a musical ear into her Majesty's service. We are sorry to have conveyed the impression that the *Northampton* goes tootling and drumming up, and down our coasts like a nautical Pied Piper of Hamelin. The truth is that there is no necessity whatever for any such blandishments. The trouble is not to get recruits, but to find room for them. There is accommodation on the *Northampton* for four hundred, who can be turned out in six months with a very fair knowledge of a seaman's duties. The ordinary course in the regular training ships takes twenty months. We have reason to believe that a number of men are needed before next spring, and we have not the

smallest doubt that the *Northampton* will be largely instrumental in making up the deficiency, and that the natural pride of her officers in their noble profession will be gratified by very substantial trophies of their skill and devotion.

The House of Lords, a stately and leisurely branch of the Legislature, whose proceedings, except when it engages in a set debating conflict of political parties, are seldom lively, has lost one of its members, bearing an illustrious name, and approaching the venerable age of ninety, whose occasional speeches and motions, singularly detached from the ordinary course of affairs in that grave assembly, tended rather to their diversion than to the progress of substantial business. The Right Hon. Thomas Denman, second Lord Denman, born July 30, 1805, and educated at Eton and at Brasenose College, Oxford, succeeded his father, the eminent Lord Chief Justice Denman, in 1854; of his three brothers, one, Admiral Denman, died in 1875; another, Mr. Richard Denman, in 1887; and the youngest, Mr. George Denman, Q.C., formerly M.P. for Tiverton, an accomplished barrister and lawyer and Judge of the High Court of Judicature, on his retirement in 1892, declined a peerage. The late Lord Denman had considerable intellectual ability, but he was addicted to fads and crotchets, which he often insisted on bringing forward at the most inopportune moments.



Photo by J. Horsburgh and Son.
THE LATE LORD DENMAN.

The Bishop of Norwich has not been long in finding out that if the great East Anglian see is to be efficiently worked episcopal assistance is necessary. It is strange, however, that he has not chosen his suffragan from the diocese itself, more particularly as one of the most valuable livings in the Bishop's gift has been conferred by him upon his designated assistant. But it must be confessed that as the Bishop determined to go outside the diocese, he could hardly have made a more fitting choice, having regard to his own predilections, than he has done in appointing the Rev. Canon Lloyd, the popular Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to share with him the labour of organising and administering the large diocese. Canon Lloyd has been Bishop Wilberforce's right-hand man in the North, and by the force of sheer hard work and business capacity he has made the Church a real power in Newcastle. He is a decided High Churchman, but he has worked well with those who differ from him, and he may be trusted to show warm sympathy and hearty recognition towards the labours of the many Evangelical clergymen in the diocese who have for years been faithfully representing the Church amid many difficulties and discouragements. Canon Lloyd, who is in the full vigour of his manhood, is an Oxford graduate. He took his degree in 1868, and was ordained in the same year. He is also D.D. of Durham, which honour was conferred upon him in 1887 in recognition of his work at Newcastle. From 1868 to 1882 his ministry was chiefly in rural parishes, and the acquaintance he thus formed with the problems of country life will stand him in good stead in East Anglia. It was while he was Vicar of Aylesbury that he came under the notice of Bishop Wilberforce, and it says something for that prelate's power of penetration that he recognised in the Vicar of a small country town the man who was well fitted to inspire and lead the work of the Church in a city like Newcastle-on-Tyne. The result of Canon Lloyd's twelve years' work there has abundantly justified the Bishop's choice, and it may safely be predicted that he will in like manner distinguish himself in the Diocese of Norwich. He will be consecrated in October next, and will take his title from the suffragan see of Thetford, which has not been occupied since 1536. He will hold the small but valuable living of North Creak.

The following letter has been addressed by Sir Francis Knollys to a correspondent who lately wrote to the Prince of Wales to inquire whether there was any truth in the report of a previous marriage on the part of the Duke of York: [Copy] "Marlborough House, Pall Mall, 25th July, 1894.—Sir, In reply to your letter of the 21st instant, I am desired by the Prince of Wales to state that the report to which you allude is so obviously invented for the mere purpose of causing pain and annoyance to an innocent young couple, that his Royal Highness has always declined to allow the story to obtain further currency by any contradiction from him. There is, of course, not a shadow of foundation for it; but it is none the less cruel and malignant.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant (Signed) Francis Knollys."

Mr. Larmuth, of Shepherd's Bush, has some title to fame. He suffered agonies of insomnia because a cock somewhere on the premises of the Netherlands Legation crowed out of all reason. He complained to the Belgian Minister, and received no redress. He threatened legal proceedings, and was rewarded by a communication from the Home Office to the effect that by harassing the diplomatic representative of a friendly Power he had rendered himself liable under a statute of Queen Anne to be "whipped at a cart's tail." There are evidently mad wags at the Home Office; but Mr. Larmuth, of Shepherd's Bush, took it all very seriously. What was to be done? The cock went on crowing, and the statute of Queen Anne stood over him whip in hand.

Law and lawyers could do nothing for him. Then he had a brilliant idea. He wrote to the Queen of the Netherlands, who is a child of thirteen. Evidently his story made a deep impression on her little Majesty's mind, for, although he received no direct answer, Mr. Larmuth, of Shepherd's Bush, had the infinite joy of discovering that the cock of the Legation crowed no more. Reason was saved, and he slept again. The only trouble that remained was the lawyer's bill, which he declined to pay on the ground that his solicitor had done no good. This plea was fortunate for the gaiety of nations, for otherwise Mr. Larmuth, of Shepherd's Bush, would not have appeared before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, and the diverting tale of the chanticleer would never have been known.

The Kaiser's review at Aldershot on Monday was perfect alike in weather and effectiveness. No finer show of troops has ever been seen even on Laffan's Plain (otherwise the Queen's Birthday Parade); and while the Emperor, who took the keenest interest in everything, was pleased with it beyond ordinary measure, the spectators—as part possessors of the spectacle, and, indeed, as contributing not a little to the charm of the scene—were justifiably proud. As a mere parade the affair was managed incomparably well. Such a perfectly dressed line, such an unblemished salute, such just distances, and good marching have seldom if ever been witnessed even at Aldershot. What is more to the purpose, perhaps, the soldiers exhibited a fine fighting quality as well as parade smartness; and the Kaiser was manifestly struck with this in more than one instance. It is particularly in that of the mounted infantry. Still, there is another side to the account. How comes it that out of a division numbering 19,060 only 12,215 were on parade? After allowing for guards, sick, and recruits, the discrepancy is remarkable. In the cavalry—as good a division as the camp has ever seen—the low "field-state" is due, of course, to want of horses; for out of some 13,000 horsemen serving at home, upwards of 6000 have no mounts! Thus happens it that the Blues, for example, looked weak; and thus assuredly will happen it that in the forthcoming manoeuvres something like half the men of the regiments engaged will miss that vital training in the war-work of cavalry that they so much need, while the officers will be deprived of most useful and desirable experience in handling bodies of the right tactical size.

But to return to the show. The Duchess of Connaught looked charming as she stood in her carriage talking to the Emperor, who kissed her hand with "courtly foreign grace," and who probably appeared to better advantage in the handsome uniform of the 1st Royal Dragoons than in any other costume he has yet donned. Though this review was his review, with the flag of his royal house fluttering at the saluting point, and the salute given to and "taken" by himself, he led the fine squadron of the "Royals" (of which he is Colonel-in-Chief), in the march past, and saluted the Duke of Connaught, who, before and after this innovation, "carried" his sword like any divisional commander whose troops are inspected by a superior. The unusual circumstance puzzled not a few authorities on military etiquette. The German officers (in blue and silver) and the Headquarters Staff made a lively display at the saluting base. But Sir Evelyn Wood was missing, having departed with Lord Wolseley in Sir John Spender's yacht to the Crimea, where the two V.C.s will revisit the scenes of their famous exploits.

The authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and of other pleasing and wholesome stories, besides thoughtful essays and occasional writings, which contributed to sustain a high standard of social and domestic duty in the literature of the age now passing into elderly retirement, was a person much esteemed. Miss Dinah Mulock, latterly the wife of Mr. George Craik. Her grave in the village churchyard of Keston, where she died in 1887, may be regarded



GRAVE OF MRS. CRAIK
(AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN"), IN KESTON CHURCHYARD.

with interest similar to that which is felt on visiting the tomb, in Highgate Cemetery, of Mrs. Cross, the "George Eliot" of authorship, a more powerful genius, unquestionably, whose fame will be more enduring. But there are many readers who feel, without making critical comparisons, that they owe to books written by some Englishwomen of our time a large debt of gratitude for wise and gentle instruction.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, has been entertaining the Emperor William II., her grandson, who passed the nights on board his own steam-yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, in Cowes Roads, while the Prince of Wales, on board the Queen's steam-yacht *Osborne*, daily accompanied his Imperial Majesty, and they took an active part in the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron with their respective sailing yachts, the *Meteor* and the *Britannia*. The Duke of York, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, have been of the royal party at Osborne. The Marquis of Salisbury came on Saturday, Aug. 11, as a visitor to the Queen.

The German Emperor, on Monday, Aug. 13, left Cowes for the camp at Aldershot, where he was received by the Duke of Connaught, in command of the troops there, and witnessed a review of them on Laffan's Plain, comprising sixteen battalions of infantry, with cavalry and Horse Artillery. His Majesty was entertained at Aldershot by the Duke of Connaught, and slept at the Royal Pavilion. Next day, he saw the field manoeuvres of the troops on the Fox Hills, representing an action between two forces, commanded respectively by Major-General Utterson and Major-General Gregorie. Having lunched with the Royal Artillery, and dined with the officers of the Scots Greys, the Emperor travelled from Aldershot to Gravesend, where he embarked in the *Hohenzollern* for his departure from England.

At the Cowes Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Friday, Aug. 10, was the day of the race for the *Meteor* trophy shield, presented by the German Emperor, and named after his own yacht, which, of course, did not compete for it. It was again won, as last year, by the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*, defeating Lord Caledon's *Viking* and Mr. Jameson's *Iverna*, but the last-named yacht made a good race for several miles. The trophy, having now been twice won, is to be retained by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness is now going to Homburg. The Duke of York will join the Duchess in Switzerland.

The Congress of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held this year at Oxford, was opened on Wednesday, Aug. 8, by the Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, who is President for the year, in succession to Dr. Burdon-Sanderson. His Lordship, in the Sheldonian Theatre, delivered an interesting and instructive address upon the necessary limitations of philosophical views based on facts ascertained by the physical sciences, instancing that of the nature of elementary atoms, and of the ether, the origin of vegetable and animal life, and some applications of the Darwinian theory, referring all origin of species to the process of natural selection, the difficulties of which might oblige the mind to recur to the notion of creative design. Lord Kelvin and Professor Huxley, speaking on the vote of thanks, offered some comments on the President's address. The discussions in the Sections began next day; the presidents—who were Professor A. W. Rücker, for Mathematical and Physical Science; Professor H. B. Dixon, for Chemistry and Mineralogy; Mr. Lazarus Fletcher, for Geology; Professor I. Bayley Balfour, for Biology; Professor Ray Lankester, for Zoology; Captain Wharton, for Geography; Professor C. F. Bastable, for Economy; Professor Kennedy, for Mechanical Science; Sir W. H. Flower, for Anthropology; and Professor Schäfer, for Physiology—delivered their respective addresses, and many learned essays or reports were contributed to those meetings.

The United States Ambassador, Viscount Wolseley, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Kelvin, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir John Mowbray, M.P., have left London to join the steamer *Electra*, belonging to Sir John Pender, M.P., at Genoa. After leaving Genoa, and visiting certain Mediterranean ports and Constantinople, the party will proceed to Sebastopol, and will return to London in about a month's time.

The Admiralty has decided to strengthen the defences of the river Medway by constructing a boom to bar the passage of the river in case of an emergency. The boom is to be made to stretch from Port Victoria to Stangate Creek, Sheerness Harbour.

An important improvement has been made at the West India Docks of London, under the control of the joint committee of the London and St. Katharine Docks and East and West India Docks Companies. It consists of a new entrance lock, opening from the river into the Black-wall basin, together with two new cuts passing between concrete walls from that basin into the import and export docks respectively, with the quay extension on the north side of the import dock. On Thursday, Aug. 16, these were opened for traffic.

Thirty-three Manchester commercial firms in the export trade to China and Japan have requested the ship-owners to adopt the Manchester Ship Canal for that traffic. The manager of the canal, Mr. Marshall Stevens, declares that there is sufficient water in the Ship Canal for any steamer engaged in the China trade, and that vessels trading to Manchester up to the end of 1895 will not be charged ship dues. The loading and discharging facilities at the Manchester Docks compare favourably with those of any other port, and the Ship Canal Company's railways convey traffic to and from alongside ship, and without change of wagon from or to all railway stations in England.

Paul Koczula, the German waiter, twenty-three years of age, who was found guilty, his wife being acquitted, of the murder of his hostess, Mrs. Rasch, at a boarding-house

in Shaftesbury Avenue, was hanged in Newgate Prison on Tuesday, Aug. 14.

The trial, in Paris, of the thirty persons accused of being Anarchist conspirators, including two, Grave and Faure, known as open literary advocates of Anarchist doctrine, but not proved to have ever taken any part in plotting actual crimes, ended on Sunday, Aug. 12, in the jury acquitting twenty-two of the prisoners. Among these was Fenéon, a former clerk at the Ministry of War, who says that he associated with the Anarchists from scientific or romantic curiosity, being a student of psychology, and wishing to know their motives or their state of mind. Three men, Ortiz, a member of the fashionable criminal "swell mob," Chericotti, and Bertani, who had perpetrated a burglary and contributed part of its proceeds to the Anarchist fund, were convicted and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude.

The French provincial assize courts continue to condemn Anarchists for extolling the murder of M. Carnot. At Grenoble a man has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and at Montpellier another to six months'.

The execution, at Lyons, of Santo Caserio, the assassin of President Carnot, is expected from day to day. His mother, in Italy, has gone mad, and his brother, a wineshop-keeper at Milan, has committed suicide.



STATUE OF THOMAS SYDENHAM, THE "ENGLISH HIPPOCRATES."
Unveiled at Oxford by the Marquis of Salisbury during the visit of the British Association.
H. R. HOPE-PINKER, SCULPTOR.

The Convention between France and the Congo State in regard to the Anglo-Congo Treaty of May 12 was signed in Paris on Aug. 14. The new arrangement provides that the territory of the French Congo colony shall extend as far as the limits of the Congo and Nile basins, and ensures all the communications of the French colony beyond. The frontier will at first follow the course of the Ubanghi and the M'Bomou, and thence be determined as far as the thirtieth meridian by the line of the watershed between the Congo and Nile basins. France reserves to herself the right of exercising police jurisdiction along the M'Bomou. All the posts established by the Independent Congo State to the north of the Ubanghi and the M'Bomou will be handed over to French officials. The Convention deals with the questions raised by the Anglo-Congo Convention of May 12. By that instrument Great Britain granted to the Independent Congo State a perpetual or temporary lease of all the territory bounded on the west by the watershed of the Nile and Congo, and on the east by the Nile, extending as far north as Fashoda on that river. By the arrangement just concluded between France and the Congo State, the latter renounces her right of occupation, and engages for the future not to exercise any political control whatsoever in the region in question, and to limit any action which she may eventually take to the territory east of the thirtieth degree of longitude and south of a line following latitude 5 deg. 30 min. north, and crossing the Nile a short distance north of Lado.

A treaty settling the frontiers between the negro Republic of Liberia and the French Soudan, in West Africa, has also been signed. The upper part of Liberia's western

boundary separates a portion of the English colony of Sierra Leone from the French possessions. By this treaty Liberia acquires a large stretch of territory between the Samory country and Sierra Leone. In exchange, Liberia has renounced all rights east of the Cavally River, and has inserted a clause virtually rendering that river French. But France has definitely given up to Liberia all the Garraway territory west of the Cavally and the points formerly ceded to France on the Liberian coast.

The United States Congress at Washington has almost terminated its complicated political wrangle, in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, over the proposals of President Grover Cleveland's Government to reconstruct the commercial tariff and to reduce the Protectionist import duties. The Democratic party, which has the majority in the House, and which is generally inclined to Free Trade, has been compelled to yield much to the representatives of powerful manufacturing and mining interests in the Senate, to the great disappointment of Mr. Cleveland. After deliberation in a party "caucus," on Monday, Aug. 13, the House passed the modifications of the Tariff Bill, coming from the Senate, by 185 votes to 105. This Bill now provides that raw sugars shall pay 40 per cent. *ad valorem*, but above 16 Dutch standard 1-8 per cent. in addition, and from bounty-paying countries 1-10 per cent. additional duty. Iron ore will pay 40c. per ton, pig iron \$4 per ton, iron or steel rails 7-20c. per lb., precious stones cut and unset 25 or 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. Wool is free. Tin plate will pay 11-15c. per lb. after Oct. 1.

Immediately after the vote on the Tariff Bill the first of the special Bills recommended by the Democratic caucus was introduced, providing for the placing of coal on the free list, and was passed by 160 votes to 104. The House intends also to put iron ore, barbed wire, and sugar on the list of commodities exempt from import duties, but it is doubtful whether the Senate will agree to these special exceptions. The President, it is rumoured, will decline to sign the Tariff Bill, as it now stands, but it may become law, after ten days, without his signature.

Further engagements have occurred between the Japanese and Chinese forces in Corea, in which the troops of the Mikado have been victorious. They have taken Seikwan, with trifling loss, after routing the Chinese, who fled in the direction of Koshu. The Chinese loss is estimated at 500 killed and wounded. The Japanese are now in possession of the important position of Asan, or Yashan. They have also occupied Chemulpo with 11,000 troops and artillery, and have entrenched and fortified the camp. It is reported that 14,000 Japanese troops from Fusan and 8000 from Gensan are marching on Seoul, the capital of Corea. On the other hand, though he has to overcome great difficulties of transport, it is computed that the Viceroy Li Hung Chang will have 60,000 Chinese troops in Corea before the end of September. The command of the Chinese fleet is in the hands of Vice-Admiral Lin Tai San. The Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese land forces is Liu Ming Chuan, one of the most capable of the Viceroy's officers.

On Friday, Aug. 10, a naval demonstration was made, in the absence of the Chinese fleet, against the chief fortified naval port and arsenal of China, in the Gulf of Pe-che-li. Twenty-one Japanese war-ships and transports approached Wei-hai-wei, which they tried to attack, but were repulsed by shots from the large Armstrong guns mounted on disappearing carriages. They went to Port Arthur, which also was found prepared. After a few shots had been exchanged the Japanese ships retired, and it is thought probable that their operations were only intended to ascertain the position and strength of the Chinese batteries. It is reported that a naval battle took place on Saturday, Aug. 11, when the Japanese won a victory.

It is officially notified that an undertaking has been given by the Japanese Government to abstain from warlike operations against Shanghai or its approaches. On the strength of this assurance, the Chinese Government

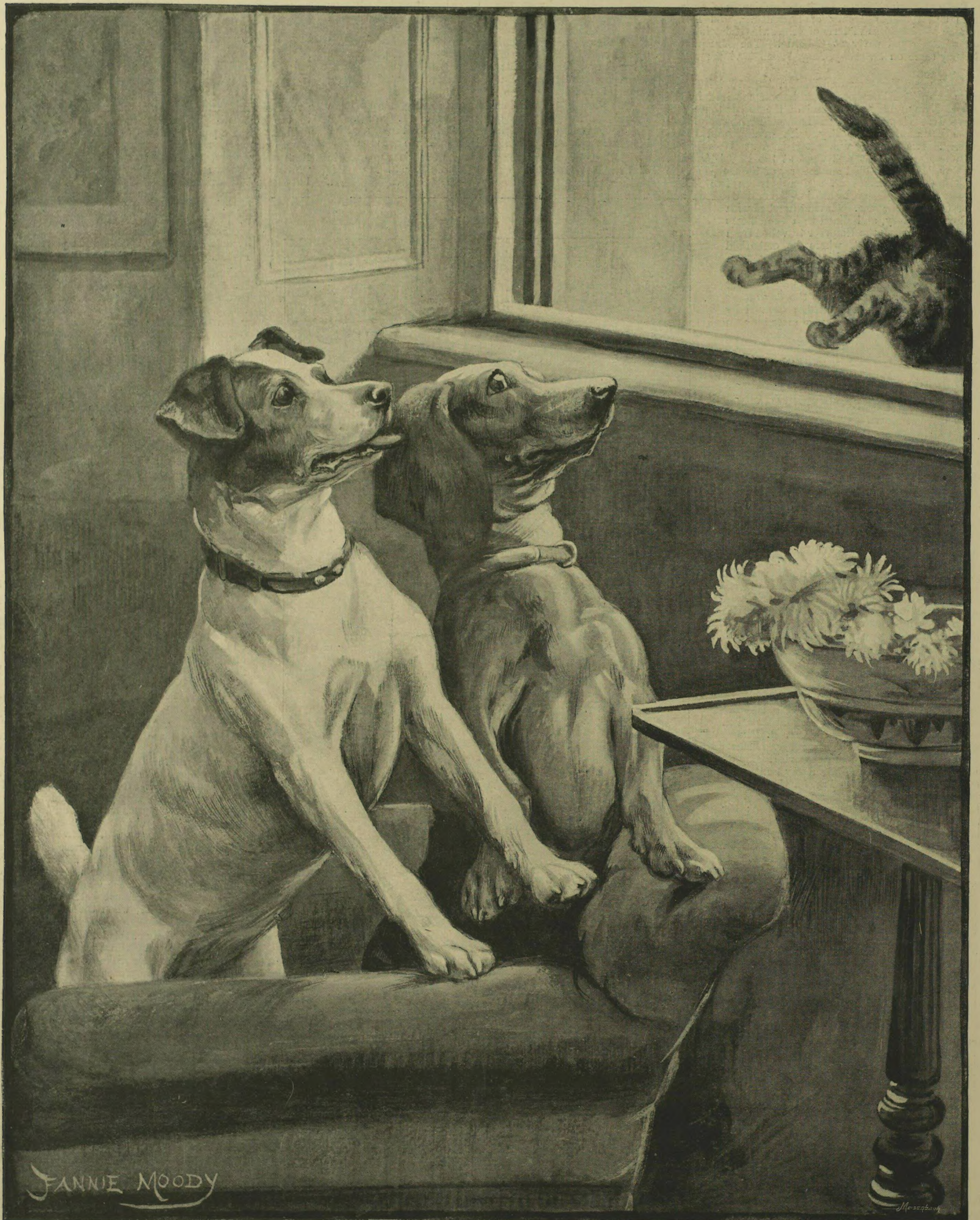
have agreed not to obstruct the approaches to that port.

The German Government has dispatched three ships to the seat of war in East Asia, to protect German interests, and it is understood that this squadron will be further reinforced by the fourth-class cruisers *Condor* and *Cormorant*.

An earthquake in the neighbourhood of Aci Reale, in Sicily, on Aug. 8, partly destroyed two villages, killed thirteen persons, and injured thirty others. Many houses were greatly damaged.

THE OXFORD STATUE OF SYDENHAM.

The statue of Thomas Sydenham, the eminent English physician of the seventeenth century, a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been presented to the University Museum by the Warden and two former Fellows, and has been placed between the statues of William Harvey and John Hunter. On Thursday, Aug. 9, the Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University, himself educated at that college, attended the ceremony of presenting this statue, which was performed by Sir Henry Acland, Regius Professor of Medicine, in the presence of a distinguished assembly. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Boyd, took part in the proceedings. Sir Henry Acland, in his interesting address, compared Sydenham's work, in clearing the ground for the foundation of systematic medical science, to that of Hippocrates, the ancient Greek physician. He noticed also Sydenham's association with his eminent contemporaries, Robert Boyle and John Locke, to whom science and philosophy owe so much in modern times.



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A FLASH OF SUMMER



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Kathy!" The speaker was pretty and piquant: she held up her hands with delight and surprise. "My dear Thing! How did you arrive here? Don't you know me? I was Alice Irvine, and went to Mrs. Barrett's." A little dismay took hold of Katherine, though her face lighted up with pleasure. "I wondered what had become of you," her friend continued. "I should have gone to your castle only I know that the Ogre didn't allow visitors."

"I thought you were in India," Katherine said, "and I

am so glad to see you. You were the only friend I ever had except Mrs. Barrett," she added, with unconscious pathos.

"We were in India, of course, but we went back just a year ago, so that the baby might be born in its native land—in English native land, you know. It's downstairs with the ayah. And this is George; his other name is Alford, and so is mine, "but he's much nicer when you call him by his Christian name. I have been married four years."

"What a long time!"

"Well, I was much older than you, dear. I see you are

not married yet," and she looked down at Katherine's ringless finger. "Now speak to George, and shake hands—you two."

"I have often heard of you, Miss Kerr," he said, doing as he was told. "How was it you never wrote to us?"

"Because I never wrote to her, she lived in a castle with an Ogre," his wife explained. "What has become of him, Kathy?"

"He has gone to Australia, to look after some grandchildren who have turned up."



"Kathy!" The speaker was pretty and piquant: she held up her hands with delight and surprise. "My dear Thing! How did you arrive here? Don't you know me? I was Alice Irvine, and went to Mrs. Barrett's."

"And left you alone?"

"Yes," said Katherine faintly, wondering what she had better do. She could not explain on the spot that she was running away from her husband.

"I didn't go to Woolwich this time," Mrs. Alford went on; "there was not a soul I knew left there, and I saw Mrs. Barrett's death in the paper, so I didn't go to Shooter's Hill."

"I wonder if she saw my marriage in the paper," Katherine thought. "If she was in India she probably didn't. Where are you going?" she asked aloud.

"At present, my dear, we are going to Genoa, in order to take George's mother so far," and Alice nodded at the knitter.

"She looks such a sweet old lady."

“We came to England on her account as well as the coming baby’s. She is a dear ! But she is delicate, and can’t get about much. When we had to go to Gibraltar, she went with us ; and we had a lovely winter,” she sighed in a voice of deep contentment. “Now we are suddenly sent back to India—Heaven knows why. I like it, of course, because my people are there ; but George is sorry to leave his mother, though he has a brother at Lahore to console him. We are to pick up the P. and O. at Brindisi, and have left our heavy luggage to go by it from Gibraltar. Meanwhile, we have skipped on in advance in this little boat, in order to take the Mummy as far as Genoa, and stay a week with her there. She is on her road to summer quarters — she wants to stay abroad another six months.”

"All alone?" said Katharine, as they sat down on one of the side seats to continue their talk. Travelling was not such a venturesome thing after all, she thought, if a delicate old lady could go about by herself.

"Yes, alas! That's the sad part of it. A niece was going with her, but she broke down at the last moment, married a man who looked like a nigger, and went to China instead. Some people have no morality," she added, as her husband sauntered back to them. "I think it makes them more amusing, but George would be shocked if I said it before him. He's a beautiful dear," she added looking up at him saucily, "but he is the properest person in the world; so is his mother, so is Jim—the most adorable Jim."

"Goose," said her husband.
"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know," she said; "I never do—it's too much trouble. Oh! I was saying that you and the Mummy and Jim are all three very strait-laced, and that a little crookedness would be rather amusing. But I only say it to shock you, dear," and she made a face at him, "and I don't know in the least how it came into this conversation."

"I think they are in love with each other," Katherine said to herself, with the odd sense of witnessing a new phase of human nature. For even the Oswells, always on easy, happy terms, did not look at each other as these two people did.

"And now," said Alice
Alford, picking up the thread of her talk with difficulty,
"the Mummy has got to manage her summer alone
till she can persuade a stray relation to come out to her.
That's why we are taking her as far as we can on our
way, and left Gibraltar sooner than we should have done."

"Why don't you take her to India?"

"Her health won't stand it, poor darling! or she would like it. Her other boy is there. She has only two children—George and Jim; and she worships Jim, who has a civil appointment out in Lahore. She is miserable because he has been very ill; but he is getting better, and gone to Simla. Simla is the place where all lively Indians under thirty go to when they die—if their ghosts don't care to come home—not that Jim is going to die, bless him. He is only twenty-seven, and as handsome as he is high, which is five foot ten. All the same, I prefer George myself. Now, Kathy, tell me, where are you going? I always called her Kathy," and she looked up at her husband again, "because there is something austere about Katherine—which doesn't suit her. Come, give an account of yourself. You have told me nothing yet."

"You haven't given her a chance," Mr. Alford laughed.

and sauntered off so that he might not interfere with confidences. Then Katherine explained that she was going to Genoa, and that she did not know what she was going to do afterwards.

"You poor thing. Are you left loose on the world? And are you rich?"

"Yes, I am left loose on the world, and have all my fortune with me."

"Good heavens! Is it much? We'll rob you."

"It's a little more than two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Has the Ogre cast you adrift with that noble sum?"

"He hasn't cast me adrift," Katherine answered; "he'll give me more if I want it."

"And why have you left Shooter's Hill," Mrs. Alford asked. "And why didn't you go to Australia with the Ogre?"



He was on foot, but a mule carried his luggage, and the mule-driver lagged behind.

"The lease of the house ran out, and the Ogre did not want to take me to Australia."

"I see; so he gave you some money and left you to look after yourself. Well, I don't think it's proper for you to be roving about the world without a chaperon. But come and look at the Immortal—it's the beautifullest Immortal that ever you did see."

"You seem so happy," Katherine said, much as she had once said to Mrs. Oswell.

"Happy?" her friend answered, with more gravity than she had displayed before. "I should think so! Why, I'm married to the dearest boy on earth, and have the sweetest baby, and a grey-haired angel for a mother-in-law, and all the other belongings are perfection. Heaven will be thrown away on me when I get to it. I have everything I want in this world," and she gave a sigh of content. "Don't you think George is very handsome?"

"He's just the sweetest, beautiful old darling in the world," his wife remarked, with extreme satisfaction. "I think I know all about you, Kathy, dear," she went on.

"The Ogre has deserted you; given you some money and left you to look after yourself. You can't be very happy, I'm afraid."

"Not very, perhaps," Katherine answered gently. "I feel like a waif. But it is a beautiful world," she added, "and I like going about looking at it. I always feel as if it were my own big estate—it is as much mine as anyone else's—and I'm so proud of it!"

"What a funny idea!" Mrs. Alford said. "But you always had funny ideas. Do you remember the crane, and how you used to think that Anne Boleyn danced with her head in her pocket." And then they laughed and went to see the Immortal. It was a soft little thing, with yellow hair and blinking blue eyes. Katherine stooped and kissed it, and looked at it curiously.

"May I hold it for a moment?" she asked, and took it in her arms, and felt afraid and like a stranger in the world, unused to ordinary human experiences. "What a wonderful thing it must be to have a little child of one's very own!" she said. "Only I think one ought to love—to love its father very much."

"Why, of course," Alice said, staring at her. "If you didn't, it would be horrible."

"She's awfully lovely, darling," George Alford said to his wife that evening. "Her face is like a lily on a long stalk, and there's something fascinating about her. She ought not to be going about by herself."

"She says she is a waif, and going to live at some little Italian place."

"She and the mother had better join on."

Then Mrs. Alford clapped her hands. "George," she said, "you are a wonder! You always think brilliantly, even by chance. Why shouldn't she and the mother really join on? It would be a comfort. Let us stick to Katherine and make the mother take a liking to her. It will simplify matters beautifully."

Before they reached Genoa Katherine was as intimate with the Alford's as though she had seen them constantly all her life; but it was they who did most of the talking, for she was naturally reserved, and her position made her more so, though in her heart she said many things to them of which her lips were silent. Had Alice not been married she would have probably told her everything; as it was, that lady's chance remark about the Alford's love of propriety, for one thing, prevented it. Besides, the life behind her was finished; she could no more speak of it than she could open a grave and hold up the dead within. She did not feel that she had committed a crime in what she had done, but rather that she was justified. Her marriage had been a mere mockery of one with a man of whom she could not think without a shudder. Thank God she had left him! She looked forward, and not behind, feeling that with every hour that passed she was journeying towards life and love and freedom: already she was tasting their sweetness. She

She delighted in the Alford's, in Alice's ceaseless chatter and George's slow and indulgent tones, in the little soft immortal, and above all in the old lady. She had never known a beautiful old lady before. She liked to look at her face and watch her little stately manners that were so lovable, yet that would somehow make it impossible, Katherine felt it even then, to give her a difficult confidence. She liked to sit by her and watch her knit, and hear her talk of her other boy in India, the "adorable Jim," as Alice called him, and to wait upon her with those little services that a girl finds it so sweet to pay to one who is old and picturesque.

"I wish you would go with her somewhere, Kathy dear," Alice said; "she is all alone in Europe; don't you think you could join your plans to hers?"

"I should like it," Katherine answered. "She's so beautiful with her white hair and stately figure; but I can't think that she would care to have me with her."

"My dear, she has taken an enormous fancy to you," Alice answered decisively.

"But she knows so little of me."

"But I know so much, and I've told her everything about you. She says you look so good, and altogether has taken a violent fancy to you. Goodness goes a long way with her, she and George—oh! and with dear old Jim, too, out in Lahore."

"Alice, I can't—" she began, but George Alford appeared.

"George, she's rather refractory," Mrs. Alford said. "Come and tell her she must do as she's told, and that it is strictly improper of her to be going about the world alone."

"Miss Kerr," the old lady said that evening, "my children tell me that you will be content to join your plans with mine for the summer?"

"If you care to have me," Katherine answered meekly, feeling like an impostor, but resolutely putting the feeling from her. And so it was settled. They stayed at Genoa till the George Alford went on to Brindisi to meet their P. and O.

Mrs. Alford turned to Katherine as her children disappeared. "My dear," she said, "I am glad they have left me you, for I feel that we shall love each other." The tears came into Katherine's eyes so that she could not speak, but the old lady saw her face and was satisfied.

CHAPTER X.

In the year that Katherine journeyed towards it, no horrible railway spoil Genoroso, it was merely a beautiful mountain in Italian Switzerland, with a good but simple hotel half an hour from the summit, and a farm and a few scattered dwellings for the peasants and goatherds. The hotel was whitewashed outside, the lizards ran over it in the sunshine. There was a little flight of stone steps leading up to the entrance, over which hung the great bell that clanged to announce an arrival. In front was a plateau that formed some sort of garden, and had a summer-house at either corner. But it is too well known, too well remembered as it was before the "improvements" came, to make description necessary. Katherine and Mrs. Alford went up from Mendresio after staying at the Italian lakes in late June. It was a little early and chilly for a mountain place; but the old lady took a sitting-room with a fireplace—the only one on that floor—and when the clouds hung about and no sunshine came to lift them into heaven or to carry them down to the valley, they sat and warmed themselves by the crackling wood. Then it was that they talked of India; of Alice and her husband, who were at Bombay; and of the Immortal, who was growing more beautiful every hour, so the weekly letter told them; and of Jim, who was slowly getting better. It seemed to Katherine that though she had never seen him that she knew Jim best of all, for his mother loved him best, and never tired of talking about him.

There were but a few people at the hotel at first, but as the days wore on more and more arrived. Katherine used to watch for them, and think how good it was to see them coming up from the plains below, happy in their holiday time; or seeking health on the beautiful mountain-top, with hope written on their faces. For many invalids came round the winding pathway: overworked men and delicate women; and some who were like to die but did not know it.

It was mid-August. The world was full of summer and drowsy happiness: a deep blue sky was overhead. The hotel was nearly full; but Mrs. Alford and Katherine kept to themselves, and were wholly satisfied with each other.

"I do not want to talk to these strangers" the old lady said. "You never know who people are in hotels, nor what burden one may be taking on oneself with new acquaintance. I am very shy of making any."

"You trusted me—" Katherine began.

"But Alice had known you so long, my dear. And then I loved your face. I felt that you were good, and goodness is an old-fashioned virtue that appeals to me."

"I'm not good," she answered, "but I want to be, and I will be if I can."

"I remember once having a terrible lesson," Mrs. Alford went on. "It was when my dear sister and I were in San Remo some years ago—the year the boys first went to India—we made acquaintance with a Mrs. Simpson. Such a pretty woman, with a little boy of six to whom she was devoted. We thought she was a widow, but it turned out that she had run away from her husband—"

"Perhaps her husband had ill-treated her?"

"That would be no excuse, my dear. A woman must stay with him even if he ill-treats her, just as she must put up with her life even if it is full of pain. She has no business to run away from the one nor to dispose of the other."

"Suppose a girl were made to marry a man she disliked?"

"It isn't done in these days," the old lady said, shaking her head.

"But if she did marry him?"

"Then she must keep to it," the old lady said. "It is part of a woman's duty to prove that marriage is sacred and binding, and everything she does to weaken it she does to the disadvantage of her whole sex."

"But if the man doesn't love her?"

"She should try to win him, or bear her lot in patience."

Then Katherine thought—"You must never know, I must never tell you." And the desire to do so passed out of her heart. "There are many ways of looking at the same things, and each may be a right one, but the person who sees from one point cannot sometimes see from another," she thought as she looked up to watch the lizards running up the house in the sunshine.

"Katherine, do you never get any letters?" Mrs. Alford asked.

"No," Katherine answered, "my uncle is in Australia. There is an old servant, but she does not even know where I am." She gave a long sigh, for she often wondered how Susan was, and whether Mr. Belcher had sought her there.

"You must be very lonely, dear child?"

"I have been, but I like it," Katherine answered, "I

like being with you, but I don't want to be with anyone else, and when you go back to England I shall stay somewhere alone and out of it."

"I hope one day you will marry," Mrs. Alford said tenderly. "Then perhaps you will be very happy."

"Oh, no!" Katherine answered shudderingly. "I know people are happy—I have seen them. Alice and George are. But marriage is a terrible thing: it is for one's whole life."

"Some day, if you love anyone very much," Mrs. Alford answered sadly, "you will think how short a time that is, and pray that it may be for a whole eternity too."

A still and sultry afternoon. Mrs. Alford was writing letters by herself. Katherine was leaning out of her bed-room window—a narrow slip of a room, looking towards the south and the plains of Lombardy. From it she could see two or three turnings of the pathway by which the people came up from Mendresio. They walked up in those days, or rode on mules, or were carried in chairs by perspiring porters; and the great bell rang when they were seen on the last turn of the pathway before they reached the plateau. Katherine used to look down from her window and watch them come towards the little double flight of stone steps before the door, while the landlord hurried out to welcome them and the mules were unloaded. Once she thought how terrible it would be to see anyone arrive who had known her formerly, and for one moment the thought paralysed her; then she remembered that Mr. Belcher did not travel, and that Mr. and Mrs. Oswald were certain to be in England, so she put aside her fear and gave herself up to the glorious summer and all it had brought her. She was so happy, so full through and through of sweet content. She was living the natural life of a girl who is with her mother: she was loved and cared for and spoken to with caressing words for the first time in her life; she drank in joy every moment of her life and wished that she could live it over and over again.

She looked across to Lombardy, thinking that she ought to have made a sketch that morning for Mrs. Alford to enclose in a letter to India, and a little bit of white, low down in the distance, caught her eye. It was the white linen cap of a stranger who was coming up the pathway. He was twenty minutes off yet, and she knew that he would be out of sight again in a moment. She reached down the opera-glass the Alford had given her at Genoa and looked at him. He was on foot, but a mule carried his luggage, and the mule-driver lagged behind. She could tell that the stranger was a tall man. He wore tweed clothes, and a glass was slung across his shoulder. She did not see his face, he kept it turned towards the plain till he was lost among the fir-trees, and she knew that a good ten minutes must pass before he emerged from them on the pathway higher up. And then she remembered the woman ill with consumption in the next room but one to hers, who had said by accident one day that she had left off having afternoon tea because it mounted up her bill. Katherine guessed that she was poor from the tone in which she said it, though she tried to make it disagreeable in order to disguise her poverty. Ever since at four o'clock she had made some tea, using Mrs. Alford's tea-basket, which she had borrowed, and some tea she had bought herself at Genoa after finding how bad can be the mixture that goes by the name of tea on board ship. She rang for the milk and lighted the spirit-lamp to boil the water. Then she thought of the stranger coming up the pathway, and went back to the window. He was just by the nearer turn; she watched him for full two minutes, and made out that he was young and good-looking. "Five minutes more and he will be here," she said to herself and went on with her tea-making. She carried a cup to Mrs. Alford at the end of the corridor, and poured out one for the consumptive woman, and as she did so there was the clang, clang, of the arrival bell. She went to the window and looked out. The stranger was crossing the plateau, that had a summer-house at either corner; she turned away and knocked at the door of Miss Bennett's room.

"Come in!"

"I've brought you some tea."

"Oh! thank you," the woman said sourly, "but I'm not sure that it agrees with me." She got up from the sofa on which she had been lying. "It's very good of you to take so much trouble," she said, as though she was half bored by it. But she took the tea in her thin hands and gulped it down eagerly.

"I will come for the cup in a few minutes," Katherine said, and hurried to her own room. Walking straight to the window she looked out. The stranger had just arrived. She looked down, trying to see his face, not expecting that he would see her. But, as though he had known that she was there, he raised his head, and they took a long look at each other. She knew him directly; she had often seen his photograph. It was Jim Alford.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Showers of Frogs" is the title of several newspaper paragraphs which have been forwarded to me by correspondents, detailing the occurrence of the phenomenon in question at Thatto Heath, near St. Helens, Lancashire. The occurrence noted took place, as far as I can gather, on or about July 16. It is stated in the paragraphs sent me that after a sharp shower of rain had passed over the district, a certain road at Thatto Heath was found to be "black with frogs," about an inch in length. In another paragraph the animals are spoken of as "toads." A second shower occurred a day or two afterwards, and was followed by the same superabundance of the amphibians. One view regarding these occurrences asserted that the frogs (or toads) had been washed by the heavy rains out of a field adjoining the road on which they were found; but a newspaper reporter adds that this field is bounded by a wall 3 ft. high, an expression I take to imply that the wall abutted on the road and that, therefore, the frogs could not have been washed over the wall. A second theory holds that they came from an adjacent reservoir, although why they should have so originated unless the reservoir had overflowed (no mention is made of such an occurrence) is difficult to explain. Besides, no mention also is made of any evidence showing that the reservoir was a breeding-pond of the amphibians. In a third report, the animals are described as appearing for the second time in a locality somewhat removed from that in which they appeared at first; and a third theory disposes of the whole matter in the words that "they had come down in the rain."

It is always difficult to attempt a scientific explanation based on the somewhat meagre facts afforded by the newspaper paragraphs before one; and one is naturally disinclined to speak authoritatively on points the full elucidation of which would necessitate a knowledge of the locality in question, and of its surroundings as well. I may first of all remark that "showers" of animals of various kinds are facts of natural history science. We have got showers of fishes after or during certain volcanic disturbances, and these can be possibly explained on the ground of water (which plays an important part in volcanic phenomena), being drawn below the crust of earth, and ejected from a volcanic vent. Again, showers of fishes, and if I mistake not of frogs also, have resulted from some tornado-like action, sucking up volumes of water, and dispelling them on the land. One thing is certain, of course, that both fishes and frogs are "of the earth earthy"—that is to say, they are part and parcel of the world itself, and if they do descend "from the sky," their origin none the less is terrestrial, and not celestial. The only point at issue, therefore, is this—supposing we get clear evidence that the fishes or frogs were actually showered down upon the earth, what was the nature of the force or action, whirlwind, tornado, waterspout or other cyclonic agency, which swept them into the air from their native water or earth?

The frogs or toads of Thatto Heath are described in one of the paragraphs before me as measuring in size about half an inch long. Now, from this description it is perfectly evident they were very juvenile creatures indeed. I suspect they had just completed their metamorphoses, and had passed from their tadpole and newt stages, getting rid of tails and gills, and assuming the guise of the adult animals. The metamorphosis takes place in water, and at its close the frogs and toads leave the water and take to their lung-breathing and terrestrial life; entering the water of course afterwards at will, though not as the gill-breathers of their earlier stages. If left to make any suggestion at all regarding the Thatto Heath frog-showers I should be inclined to say that we do not need to suppose the animals came from the sky at all. In other words, failing evidence as to any whirlwind action, and noting the occurrence of heavy rains prior to their appearance, it seems reasonable to suggest that the rain simply came down upon colonies of the animals in the fields, and washed them out into the sight of the townsfolk. But I advance this view with the proviso that I do not know the locality named, and that I am merely anxious from the details before me to suggest a rational and commonplace explanation. I may add, it is perfectly feasible to suppose that as in the case of many other animals, we may find years or seasons distinguished by the extreme prevalence of frog and toad-development. If so, the showers of frogs may have appeared in the present case simply as the result of a big frog-year, when great swarms abounded, giving us multitudes in place of the relatively few we should find in other and less prolific seasons.

I have often thought one might write a very interesting article on the "Cruelty of Nature"; by that term meaning the indifference of many natural arrangements and ways to the pain inflicted on living organisms. It has, of course, been often said that nature is not immoral but unmoral. If we get the germs of ethics in lower animal life, which I doubt not at all, it is certain that only in higher humanity do we find that abhorrence of cruelty and that desire to protect the weak and helpless which are among the most salient characteristics of our better selves.

There is an Asclepiad-plant, the *Physianthus albens*, well known in Canada and a native of Brazil, which has a singular arrangement of its flower-stamens. They are fitted with pincer-like appendages, which seize the tongue of the unsuspecting butterfly visiting the flower for a honey-treat, and hold the insect securely by its proboscis. The plant does not eat the insect, as do the Venus fly-traps or the sundews, so that the butterfly is practically caught in a kind of rat-trap and left to perish. It is added in the description from which I quote that this fate is not shared by all the insect-visitors of the plant. Some escape the trap—perhaps they have learned wisdom by experience—and carry off the pollen to fertilise another flower. Perchance in its native Brazil this trap-arrangement is designed for the plants' own purposes, in that humming-birds, which are said to visit it, may be induced or made to act as fertilisers. They may be detained by the trap for a certain time, or in a certain fashion, sufficient to enable the pollen to be dislodged, but are able to escape the untoward fate that awaits the weaker butterflies.

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VIEWS IN COREA, THE SEAT OF WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.



THE EAST STREET OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF COREA.
VIEW FROM NEAR THE EAST GATE OF THE CITY.



COREAN SOLDIERS.

In the war that has recently commenced between the Chinese and the Japanese Empires, all nations which have a commercial interest in Eastern Asia may feel concerned. Its possible consequences may extend far beyond the disputed right of interfering with the domestic affairs of Corea. That large country, over six hundred miles from north to south, and nearly three hundred from east to west, with a population of nine millions, is still but partially known to European visitors. Chemulpo, however, the chief trading seaport on its west coast, is the residence of a British Consul, and the station of an English religious mission. Seoul, the metropolitan city, on the river Hang-Kang, is surrounded by a massive wall, fifteen miles in circuit, and has a population estimated at 300,000; there are several other large towns, but this nation is very backward in the useful arts of life, and has been hitherto much

averse to foreign commerce. The main occupation of the people is that of cultivating rice, grain, hemp, cotton, tobacco, and ginseng, or the keeping of cattle. The King is a despotic monarch, but is a vassal of the Chinese Empire, yet in some degree, also, owing tribute or feudal homage to Japan. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Corea was conquered alternately by both those neighbouring Powers. But a more ancient period of its history, when it was under direct Chinese rule, has permanently marked the social condition, the official administration, the customs and manners of the Coreans. The doctrines and practices of the Confucian religion have the ascendancy over Buddhism. The King governs by the agency of three "tsiengs" or chief Ministers of State, with six "tsos," who attend to executive details, and a number of judges, councillors, and

secretaries; there are eight provincial governors, and each of the four fortified towns has its military commander. In 1866, to avenge the massacre of the French Roman Catholic missionaries, Admiral Roze bombarded the city of Kang-hoa; and in 1870 an American naval squadron, under Admiral Rodgers, went up and attacked the forts at Seoul to enforce compensation for the burning of some American vessels. But, except on these occasions, indifference and not hostility has characterised the relations between Corea and the distant nations of the world. Our general view of the city of Seoul, from a photograph taken on the hill above the mission-house at Nak Tong, looks to the north, including the hills comprised within the city walls, and the more distant mountain of Pouk Han. The Church Missionary buildings at Chemulpo, church, schools, and parsonage, occupied by Mr. Pownall, are shown in another view.



GENERAL VIEW OF SEOUL.

VIEWS IN COREA, THE SEAT OF WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.



A COREAN LADY.



STREET CHILDREN.



A COREAN GIRL (LOWER CLASS).



ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION CHURCH, CHEMULPO.



SELLING SWEETMEATS.



A COREAN SCHOOLMASTER.



PUPILS OF THE MISSION NIGHT-SCHOOL.

LITERATURE.

SIR HARRY PARKES.

Life of Sir Harry Parkes. By S. Lane-Poole and F. V. Dickins. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—In one of Dr. George Macdonald's books a boy is asked by his junior, in reference to the work from which the younger members of the Scottish Church are instructed in the rudiments of their faith, "Why do they call the *Shorter Catechism*?" The older replies, "Because it's na precessely sae lang's the Bible." The Authorised Version no doubt contains also more words than we estimate to be contained in the work before us. But the older volume is occupied with the biographies of several persons, many of them at least as eminent as Sir Harry Parkes, to say nothing of a good deal of other not unimportant matter. Seriously, we must protest against the current practice of relating no man's life in less than a thousand demy octavo pages. Now and then a Johnson or a Scott, a Nelson or a Napoleon, touches human life and interests at so many points, or affects the course of events so powerfully, as to require this extended treatment; but the majority of men whose names are recorded in history can have ample justice done them in a smaller space. Mr. Stanley Poole is a practised hand at biographical work, and, though not precisely stimulating, he generally manages to hold his reader's attention fairly well. In this book, too, he has by far the more interesting portion of Parkes's life to narrate. Yet even he has occasionally to eke out his matter with little trifles, or to lug in Lord Stratford by the ears; but, on the whole, he has kept commendably close to his theme, and has let Parkes tell his own tale wherever possible. Still, the reader is at times tempted to regret that he did not follow Sir R. Morier's advice. When consulted on the question of a biography of Parkes, that experienced diplomatist observed, "It is a fine subject, and Parkes was a splendid Minister; the only question is, Is it not too soon to write his life?" Mr. Poole thought that he could do without various dispatches, to which, and to the inconvenience (to some people) of their publication at present, Sir Robert alluded; but as long as there are documents bearing on the history of a diplomatist to the publication of which officialism objects, so long may we feel pretty sure that the most instructive part of his history *qua* diplomatist remains untold. Fortunately, however, for the biographer of Parkes, one passage in his career has fixed itself indelibly in the public memory. Middle-aged people can remember the indignation with which, about the end of 1860, the news was heard that the Chinese, violating a flag of truce, had seized and imprisoned a number of British subjects; indignation which turned to fury when it was known that the larger part of those captured had succumbed to the treatment inflicted upon them. Sir H. B. Loch's "Personal Narrative," published some years later, gave the story of one of the actual victims; and a well-known poem of the late Sir F. Doyle's—though the actual incident which it records (if, indeed, it ever took place at all) was unconnected with the capture of Parkes's party—makes the Chinese War of 1860 familiar to every schoolboy. With the history of that war Parkes's name is indissolubly connected. So, indeed, is it with that earlier business of the *Arrow*, about which opinions are less unanimous. Indeed, the main interest of that business lay rather in England than in China. Even now it is amusing, in view of more recent utterances, to read how much Lord Derby, as the spokesman of the Conservative party, had to say about the wickedness of overbearing conduct towards a weak and uncivilised nation, and how the Bishops agreed with him. Bowring and Parkes were fully justified by the events of three and four years later. People do not always remember that one man in every three or thereabouts on the face of this earth is a Chinaman, and that Chinamen are the most cruel, treacherous, profligate, and generally noxious race of all mankind. If we further realise that with these qualities they combine great physical strength and boundless endurance, we shall recognise that from the day when they once accept "the resources of civilisation," when the railway, the telegraph, and the press teach them their strength and give them the means of applying it, not many generations will pass before Europe has to face a "wandering of the nations" to which the expeditions of Alaric and Attila were picnics. This, at any rate, was the opinion of the late Mr. T. T. Cooper, who was as well acquainted with China as most. Parkes probably knew that an occasional reminder to the monster that its strength was not yet as far advanced as it believed would at least, by stimulating a wholesome habit of submission, tend to delay that time.

Parkes's first Chinese period is, then, full of interest; and, fortunately for us, during the more interesting portion of it, Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Parkes, was absent from him. Accordingly there are plenty of letters for the biographer to draw upon. It was otherwise after his promotion from the Consular to the Diplomatic service. The reader is at once conscious of the difference. Mr. Dickins has to make up his tale of pages, and in order to do this he starts off with a couple of chapters on "Old Japan" and "Japan in the Early Sixties," which may be of value to experts, but which to the average reader seem to be a dry narrative of the infinitely unimportant doings of people with names of repulsive ugliness. We cannot believe that the view taken by the Eakufu of the doctrines of Oyōmei had any bearing on the career of Sir Harry Parkes. His business was to see that this nation of quick-witted little barbarians behaved properly towards English traders, and suffered them to buy and sell in their ports, dropping the absurd exclusiveness, often leading to murder and violence, which they had maintained from time immemorial. This he did pretty effectually; when necessary, "scolding the Foreign Minister in no measured terms." But save for an occasional exhibition in the early days of "Old Japanese" methods of showing dislike to foreigners, exciting events seem to have been few, and it is no blame to Mr. Dickins to say that he is not a Stevenson.

Parkes's return in 1883 to China, as Minister Plenipotentiary, preceded his death by only two years. These were occupied by anxieties arising from the French

proceedings in Tongking. The old spirit was there, and he was still able to get the better of Chinese duplicity and procrastination. But the body was worn out, and he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. Even amid the dreary wastes of dispatch and blue book through which the present work takes us, we can see enough of the man to make us hope that one of these days someone who knew him, which Mr. Poole does not appear to have done, and has the art of deft narrative, which fate has denied to Mr. Dickins, will give us a portrait of him.

Before parting with Mr. Poole, we would ask him whether the "friend J. C. Patteson, of Feniton Court, Honiton," a letter to whom is given in volume one, was not also in after days a sufficiently famous man to have deserved a footnote; and whether because Parkes on one occasion wrote "supercession," it was compulsory in his biographer to do the like?

A DRAMATIC CRITIC ABROAD.

Pictures of the World. By Clement Scott. (London: Remington and Co.)—In the ante-steam age, when home-keeping habits bred homely wits, travellers' tales passed into a bye-word as synonymous with exaggeration. But everybody travels to-day, and everybody poses as critic of any lucubrations in which another traveller may liberate his soul after a tour in search of health, wealth, or the picturesque. Thus, the author of a book of travels, especially over well-trodden paths, is put upon his mettle if he is to exercise any charm at all over readers more or less familiar with the scenes and people which he paints. Happy, then, is he who can bring to his work the shrewd perception, the well-balanced judgment, the freshness of observation, and the cheery optimism of a Clement Scott, for then only will the outcome be as pleasant as the vivid "Pictures of the World," given to the public by the cultured critic and special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. If Mr. Scott does not literally survey mankind from China to Peru, he at least has taken a rapid glance at men and manners in Italy and in Egypt, in India and China, amid the dubious delights of over-rated Japan and the tempestuous conditions of a Chicago Exhibition, and in no case has he failed in his habit of keen observation, while his literary style will charm even those to whom the originals of his pictures may be familiar to the verge of boredom. His love of the theatre manifests itself in many interesting sidelights upon dramatic matters in Japan and other places where the popular estimate of amusement differs from our own. Glimpses of humour brighten Mr. Scott's book, but there are passages, notably those dealing with the crying scandal of Japan, its pitiful exhibition of soiled doves in cages, in which honest indignation is vigorously expressed. All the poet in Mr. Scott comes to the surface in his exquisite word-picture of that "miracle in marble" the Taj Mahal at Agra, the realisation of the Emperor Shah Jehan's dream of a perfect temple dedicated to perfect Love; and the man of the world is well to the fore in his shrewd analysis of the various types of humanity which revealed themselves during his interesting tour.

BOOK PRICES CURRENT.

The annual volumes, of which seven have now appeared, of *Book Prices Current* (Elliot Stock), can hardly be classed among light literature, but they serve a very useful purpose, and are quite indispensable to both bookbuyer and bookseller. Five hundred pages of book-titles are scarcely the sort of thing a man would select as holiday reading, and yet to the bookish person this severely solid volume possesses much interest. It gives, for example, an approximately complete view of the vast quantities of books which came under the hammer in London last year, and when it is stated that the total amount realised from December 1892 to November 1893 from this source was close on £70,000, it will be understood that the matter is one of considerable financial importance. In many ways a permanent record of auction prices justifies itself: under the hammer a book, as a rule, realises its fullest value, for the bidding is open to all. It is not to the auction-room that the majority of second-hand booksellers look for their more profitable investments, but to private purchases which pass without competition and without the aid of the middleman (represented by the auctioneer) direct to the bookshop. This process saves time, but the vendor may be very certain that he does not get the better part of the bargain. The bookseller is not a man of sentiment any more than the cheesemonger. The great advantage of "Book Prices Current" is that the market value of nearly every book of importance—chiefly English—may at once be seen. Much depends on condition, but the entries may be taken to represent average good copies. Fashions in books fluctuate like other fashions, but there are certain classes of literature which never have and never will have a value much above waste-paper price—namely, theology, law, and science. The editor of "Book Prices Current" despises these almost as greatly as the "limited edition" poets, which have been so plentifully log-rolled in the daily press and whose pretty but unsatisfactory little booklets realise such heart-breaking prices when they do occur in the open market. A book must have intrinsic merit as its primary quality, without which, indeed, no amount of log-rolling or bibliopolic puffing will secure it an enhanced value in the market. This is quite as it should be. A comparison of the present volume of "Book Prices Current" with the previous issues will not reveal anything very startling either in the rise or fall in book values, with the conspicuous exception of the first edition of Sir Walter Scott in their original boards, clean and uncut, which are rapidly increasing in value. There is reason to believe that a similar movement will take place in connection with the original edition of Lytton, and those on the look-out for a pastime might do worse than "put" their money on these, if they cannot get Scott. Half a score exceedingly interesting "bookish" essays might be written on various phases which instantly suggest themselves in glancing through the pages of "Book Prices Current"—the *Whitaker's Almanack* of bookbuyers and booksellers—but it is as a work of reference that we heartily recommend it to our readers.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. By Alice Stopford Green. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—Our fathers used to seek the romance of history in personal intrigues, thrilling adventures by flood and field, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. In her "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," Mrs. J. R. Green shows us how a no less interesting story may be drawn from the daily life and civic struggles of the burghers of the towns. And whereas the adventures, wars, and intrigues of the earlier histories, though they may point an ethical moral, throw no light on modern controversies, the records of mediæval citizenship are full of suggestion for the English citizen of to-day. Mrs. Green has found a virgin field, and cultivated it with singular success. No work will be more interesting to the historical student than these two handsome volumes. Placed in the hands of a young reader, there is no book more likely to foster a healthy interest in the origin and development of the institutions amid which we live.

The mediæval town occupied a very different position from the modern municipality of our own days. Free from the fetters of any Home Office or Local Government Board, and hardly limited by any statutory enactments, the burghers of the Middle Ages, in the height of their freedom and power, governed their little kingdoms like so many independent principalities. Rye and Southampton, Romney and Bristol, had their envoys and their treaties, and knew how to enforce their claims on recalcitrant opponents. They could covenant and confederate, buy and sell, deal and traffic, after their own will; they could draw up formal treaties with other boroughs, and could admit them to or shut them out from all the privileges of their commerce; they might pass laws of protection or try experiments in free trade. Often their authority stretched out over a wide district, and surrounding villages gathered to their markets and obeyed their laws; it might even happen in the case of a staple town that their officers controlled the main foreign trade of whole provinces.

This position of freedom and independence was the slow product of three centuries' growth, the outcome of generation after generation of striving mayors and burgesses, intent on the good order and security of their little realms. Privilege after privilege had to be won from the king and the lord of the manor; internal disputes had to be put down, external rivals routed; and it is the romantic and often thrilling story of these struggles that Mrs. Green has told. She has rummaged town archives and municipal histories, ferreted out every scrap of information in contemporary literature, delved in the voluminous publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission and the Record Office, and exhausted the store of miscellaneous allusion in such treasures as the "Paston Letters" and the "Lives of the Berkeleys." Arranged and organised with quite exceptional care and literary skill, all this wealth of detail is worked into a connected story of surpassing interest.

The real history of England in the fifteenth century, omitting the faction fights and Court intrigues, is ultimately to be found in the development of a great industrial revolution, which was simultaneously progressing in agriculture, manufacture, and commerce. In Mrs. Green's pages we see this industrial revolution swaying the destinies of Court and town alike, moulding the action of burgess and king, and resulting eventually in the capitalist industry and centralised monarchy of the sixteenth century. But with this main tide there go many subsidiary currents, and numerous are the drifts and eddies in which the borough politics were entangled. We see traced and distinguished the struggles of the towns with the king, with the private lords of the manor, and with the Church; the rivalry of ports, handicraft towns, and incipient factory industries; the wrestling of mayors and town clerks with problems of finance and administration; finally, the one English instance of borough confederation, the unique League of the Cinque Ports. We have chapters on the town manners and common life, the town market and the town trader, the labour question and the crafts, the guild merchant and the town council. The story of the Tailors of Exeter and of the Southampton Town Council, the chequered annals of Norwich and of the rise and fall of the greatness of Lynn—all these, in Mrs. Green's skilful hands, become romances of history, full of suggestion for the citizen of to-day.

This is not the place in which to attempt any technical criticism of Mrs. Green's book as a contribution to English history. From beginning to end it bears the mark of great learning, exhaustive research, and quite infinite care and pains. Whether Mrs. Green is right in attributing to the "communitas" a legally recognised corporate existence apart from the "cives" is a point which learned historians will debate. Mrs. Green's view of the relation between the craft guilds and the town authorities is not one to which historians will give unqualified assent, though all will admit the value of her graphic account of the life and development of the guilds themselves. And if a general criticism had to be passed upon the view which Mrs. Green takes of fifteenth-century life, it might be suggested that, valuable as it is to bring, for the first time, into history the facts of burgher life and of the position of the skilled handicraftsman, there is some danger of our exaggerating the proportion borne by these classes to the total population. The general labourers who served under the apprenticed journeymen; the semi-servile workers on the land; the miners, quarrymen, and woodmen; the seamen and the carriers from town to town; the wandering masons, and other craftsmen not settled in any one place—all these, with many other classes making up the vast majority of the people, are still outside the focus of our historic vision. The more we learn about the municipal organisation and the craft guilds, the more probable does it appear that effective participation in their work or advantages was at all times confined to a small minority even of the town population. Mrs. Green has done a great work in bringing within our ken the shopkeeper and the skilled handicraftsman of these bygone times; but we still wait to see the same service rendered for the "dim inarticulate multitude" of hewers of wood and drawers of water who then, as now, constituted the great mass of the common people.

SKETCHES IN CHINA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ENTRANCE TO PEKIN FROM CHINESE TARTARY.



ON THE WHARF AT SHANGHAI.



THE GIANT AND THE PIGMY.

"I have seen a little child peer a 67-ton gun."—LORD ROSEBURY.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

When this appears in print, Caserio Santo will probably have paid the penalty of his crime, and unless I am greatly mistaken, history and posterity will even deny him that pedestal of infamy grudgingly conceded to the assassins of William the Silent, Henri IV., the Duc de Berri, Lincoln, Alexander II., and to some of the would-be assassins of Louis-Philippe and Napoleon III. and his great uncle. For it is not depreciating the memory of M. Carnot, who was an honest and worthy man throughout, to say that the foul deed that deprived him of his life belongs to the category of "ridiculous crimes." The quoted words are not mine, but those of Lord Beaconsfield, who used them when, during the Congress of Berlin, there was an attempt to kill the late M. Waddington. Neither the late President of the Third Republic nor the late French Ambassador in London was a sufficiently important factor in European affairs to have made their deaths of the least consequence from whatsoever point of view one takes it.

But, ridiculous or not, one fact stands prominently forward from among all the others elicited before and during the trial of Santo. If the police had been adequate to their task the whole of this wretched business might have been prevented. The gentry that swagger or slouch along the streets of Paris under the name of *la police politique* are as incompetent to prevent real mischief as were their predecessors under the Second Empire, as are their fellow *mouchards* in the Empire of the Czars.

For the presence of Santo at Cetto and his intentions, of which he scarcely made a secret, were as well known to the police of the Third Republic as was the presence in Paris of Orsini, Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez during the early part of January 1858 to the myrmidons of Pietri; as was the presence of Ryssakoff and his confederates in St. Petersburg to the myrmidons of Loris Melikoff during the month of March 1881. And yet not only were no steps taken to apprehend the conspirators, but their intended victims were literally thrown in their way. This may seem a mere irresponsible assertion on my part, so I proceed to substantiate. One event, at any rate, happened so long ago that the recollection of it has become vague to many. With regard to the other, the truth is scarcely known at present outside very restricted Russian circles.

On Jan. 7, 1858, the French Minister of the Interior received a telegram informing him that Pieri, accompanied by another individual, who, like him, meant to kill the Emperor, was on his way to Paris. The *Moniteur* stated that since June of the previous year great activity had prevailed in London in the manufacturing of explosive shells intended to be thrown under and into the carriage of the Emperor at the first favourable opportunity. In his opening address to the Legislative Chamber, M. De Morny told his listeners that the secret societies in the provinces were expecting a catastrophe, to be followed by a general movement towards the middle of the month.

I will take it that the President's communication, for reasons on which I need not enlarge here, was received with a certain amount of incredulity, due to the frequency of such communications. The fact, nevertheless, remains that Pieri, under the thinnest of disguises, took up his quarters at an hotel in the Rue Montmartre, that the superintendent of police entrusted with the surveillance of hotels was aware of his presence there, and neither molested nor arrested him until within a few moments of the explosion in the Rue Le Peletier itself. What happened then? On their way back Pieri made a signal to Orsini and Rudio, whom he had preceded by a couple of dozen yards, in order to let them know that he had been apprehended. The signal was so plain that Orsini and Rudio understood its significance at once, but the superintendent was absolutely blind to it, and after consigning Pieri to other hands, the nearest police station, returned to the Rue Le Peletier as if nothing had happened, notwithstanding the fact that a shell was found in Pieri's possession. Nay, more: after the explosion Gomez entered the Divan Le Peletier, where he sat groaning and moaning until he finally aroused the suspicion of one of the waiters, but for whom neither he, Rudio, nor Orsini would have been apprehended there. I do not say that they would have finally escaped, but the chances of so doing would have been in their favour and at great odds.

On Saturday, March 12, 1881 (our style) Count Loris Melikoff had his usual daily interview with Alexander II., Jeliaboff had been arrested two days before, and his examination proceeded with. Such replies as had been drawn from the criminal, who maintained an almost stubborn silence, except in one instance, were handed to the Czar in writing. From these it appeared that Jeliaboff had categorically refused to enlighten the Imperial Procurator, simply telling the latter that he was wasting his time, and that, notwithstanding his (Jeliaboff's) apprehension, an attempt on the Czar's life would be rigorously carried out. After the explosion at the Winter Palace on Feb. 5 of the previous year, which explosion, in fact, had brought Melikoff into official prominence, he ought to have known that these were no vain menaces; yet, instead of opposing with all his might the Czar's intention of being present at the weekly review in the Riding School, he merely counselled his sovereign to be prudent.

We all remember what happened next day. The first shells thrown by Ryssakoff did not touch the Emperor. Instead of driving him as fast as possible away from the scene of the disaster, Captain Koch and Colonel Dvorjitsky allowed him to alight from his sleigh and to advance in the midst of the crowd and this in spite of the presence there of a man who, under the most ordinary circumstance, would have aroused suspicion, and this notwithstanding the shouts of the people around, "Don't advance, they are going to fling a second shell!" Scarcely had the words died away upon the air than the second shell was thrown, and one of the greatest friends of humanity, the man who would have undoubtedly



THE SWORD OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Photo by T. B. Howe, Newbury.

proved the only true successor of Peter the Great, lay prostrate on the pavement, the lower part of his body a shapeless, bleeding mass—a victim as much of the crass stupidity of the police as of the fiendish machinations of the Nihilists. Is it not time that the police of all countries should leave off swaggering and boasting of their cleverness?

The National Artillery Association meeting of Volunteers at Shoeburyness concluded on Friday, Aug. 10, when General Lord Roberts inspected the camp, distributed the prizes, and commended the arrangements, the good discipline and training, and the shooting performances.

The new West Highland Railway, from the lochs of the Firth of Clyde to Fort William and the Caledonian Canal, which we lately described and illustrated, was opened at Fort William on Saturday, Aug. 11, by the Marchioness of Tweeddale, wife of the chairman of the company, assisted by the Marquis, and by Lochiel of Cameron, Colonel Macdonald of Glenaladale, Mr. Reginald Macleod, and other gentlemen interested in the line or in the country.

The Scotch express train which left Edinburgh on Saturday night, Aug. 11, arriving in London about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, encountered a great disaster as it entered the Midland Railway terminus in St. Pancras, near King's Cross. Instead of stopping, the speed being excessive, it ran upon the buffers and the edge of the platform with such force that the engine, tender, guard's van, and all the fore part of the train, were lifted up and overturned, including the Pullman sleeping-car and a third-class carriage of six compartments. Nineteen passengers were more or less seriously hurt, but none killed, one lady had her leg broken, most of them were bruised and shaken, with some contusions of the head. The engine-driver, William Turner, the fireman, and the two guards were not injured. The driver's excuse is that the brake failed to act after passing the Kentish Town station.

THE SWORD OF GENERAL WOLFE.

Whatever may be the future of the North American continent, the conquest of Quebec will always remain one of the world's, historical landmarks, in that it put an end once and for all to dreams of a French dominion on Transatlantic soil. Very naturally, therefore, the Canadians are congratulating themselves at this moment upon having secured a reminder of that great event in the sword which was carried by the immortal Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. For some time past this sword has been in the hands of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, and has now been bought by the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Dominion Minister of Militia, to be placed, no doubt, among other trophies of the kind in the library of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa. It is an excellent specimen of an officer's sword of the period, with a hilt of silver and a three-cornered blade.

The history of the relic is a curious one. It appears from documents which have been preserved that for nearly a century it lay buried just beneath the ground on the very spot on the Plains of Abraham where Wolfe fell mortally wounded on Sept. 13, 1759. It was, it will be remembered, in the very heat of the engagement with the French troops under Montcalm that Wolfe received his mortal wound. Of two previous wounds he had taken no heed, though one was in the groin. Hastily covering the trace of them with his handkerchief, and bidding those about him say nothing on the subject lest his soldiers should grow faint-hearted, he again led his favourite Grenadiers to the charge. But a third ball completely overcame him; he was led a little to the rear and disencumbered of his arms and accoutrements by his

attendants and servants, and when the welcome cry had come "They run! They run!" the lifeless corpse was borne away to the flag-ship in the St. Lawrence below without a thought of the sword which had been hastily thrown down on the damp earth. The heavy tramp of battalions and the planting of artillery to complete the demolition of the citadel which formed the French headquarters completely hid the weapon from sight, and there it lay for ninety years or so, until the foundations were dug of the monument which marks in one obelisk the bravery of the French and English alike. It was taken to a Montreal gunsmith and by him sold to Mr. Stewart Derbshire, for many years Queen's printer in Canada. Shortly afterwards the 100th Regiment was raised in Canada to proceed to the Crimea, and it was then presented to Major Dunn in the hope that he would, to use Mr. Derbshire's own words, "again make it terrible to the enemies of our country." It is believed to have been used by Major Dunn in the terrible charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, and it is

fitting that the Victoria Cross which that gallant officer received at the hands of his sovereign should pass with the sword and other medals into the proud care of the Canadian people.

Things have greatly changed since the terrible struggle which exchanged the French for the English flag on the ramparts of Quebec, and there is no more significant proof of the healing power of time than the reception of this relic by the French Canadians of to-day. It is of course a souvenir which recalls to their minds one of the bitterest pages of French history—the violent separation of Canada from her first Motherland—but they realise quite as fully as Parkman the historian did, that subsequent events have made the conquest of Quebec as precious to French-Canadians as to their English fellow-citizens. For evidence of this we need only turn to the columns of such a journal as *La Minerve* of Montreal, which, speaking of the addition of this sword to Canada's collection of historical relics, says: "The Treaty of 1763 secured to us the free exercise of our religion, the enjoyment of our properties, the benefit of our old civil jurisprudence. It is still the most sacred duty to fight unyieldingly for the preservation of our rights; but, despite all, we have nothing to complain of. There is not a small nation in the world which enjoys a greater amount of liberty than the French Canadians, and they know how to accept the situation. The British Crown is justified in reckoning upon them as upon its most loyal subjects." No one who remembers the gallant and loyal conduct of De Salaberry at Chateaugay, and others like him, will doubt the sincerity of this protestation, so far as the majority of the French-Canadian people are concerned. There is only one thing needed to complete the satisfaction of English and French-Canadians alike. It is that the sword of the French commander, Montcalm, should now be discovered, and be placed side by side in one casket with that of the English General, to record for all time the fact that the combatants of yesterday have become the partners and co-workers of to-day.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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ART NOTES.

The permanent collection of pictures at the South London Fine Art Gallery is steadily increasing. Its last and greatest addition is the cartoon by the late Ford Madox Brown, which was exhibited in Westminster Hall just fifty years ago, and has been lying perdu in the artist's studio ever since. The subject is the body of Harold brought to William the Conqueror. Its design is good and the conception spirited, but the draughtsmanship is not without reproach—it would scarcely be Madox Brown's if it were. Specially enigmatical are the hands on the broken haft of the battle-axe, and very coarse is the modelling of the man raising himself to look at dead Harold. The cartoon is a gift from the Madox Brown Fund Committee (that is to say, it was bought from the surplus of the amount subscribed for a work by the artist, for the National Gallery), and it is given "in acknowledgment of the generous efforts made by Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. G. F. Watts on behalf of the Gallery." Mr. G. F. Watts and Sir Frederick Leighton unveiled the cartoon on the occasion of opening the current loan exhibition, which includes such fine portraits as that of the president of the Royal Academy by Mr. G. F. Watts, and of Sir Richard Burton by Sir Frederick Leighton; several Burne-Joneses; "The Open Door," by Watts; "Shelling Peas," which was a gift from Sir John Millais to Sir Frederick Leighton, and many other well-known pictures. The light is so good in these well-planned galleries that paintings would be seen at their best were it not for some slight sense of confusion owing to so many other objects being on view also. The catalogue is likewise a little unordered, and abounds in misprints of artists' names—Reade (Reid), Clanson



"THE QUARRY TEAM."—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.



"THE FIRST BREATH OF AUTUMN."—H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

(Clausen), Van Harnen (Van Haanen), some of them. Such errors are regrettable at a gallery which aims at educating young and old even to the extent of giving Sunday lectures on groups of the lent pictures. Opponents of Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries should digest the fact that as many as two thousand visitors go on that day to the South London Art Gallery.

It seems that English etchers are not as clever as French in translating paintings of figure into plates of fairly large size. At any rate, English publishers do not think so. Just as M. Laguillermie has finished his plate of Gainsborough's beautiful "Mrs. Hatchett" (from which only 250 proofs, printed on vellum, are to be issued) for Messrs. Laurie, he begins on one of Mr. Luke Fildes' portrait of the Princess of Wales, for Messrs. Agnew. This also is to be a limited edition. The painting has proved such a focus of attraction in the Academy this season, and M. Laguillermie so ably renders the feeling of what he copies with needle and acid, that his etching will be looked for impatiently.

Citizens of London town with money to spare (who will own to this?) are placed between two stools when asked to subscribe to the further embellishment of St. Paul's Cathedral. On one hand is Sir Frederick Leighton as mouth-piece for many who themselves are dumb, exhorting those who honour the memories of the Duke of Wellington and of Alfred Stevens to furnish £3000 in order that Mr. Albert Gilbert may complete the monument to the Duke in accordance with the intentions of Stevens. On the other hand are the cathedral authorities, a large section of the public, and Mr. Richmond's admirers begging for the modest yet quite necessary amount of £100,000 for finishing the decoration of the cathedral in mosaic agreeing with that of the choir. The late Sir Henry Layard was a great advocate for glass mosaic decoration

of London buildings when he found that fresco paintings were not durable in city atmosphere. In a paper he read many years since at a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects he said what applies precisely to St. Paul's in its present state: "It is only when decoration is introduced as if it were something not forming an essential part of the building itself, but only put there for show, and as if too precious except to be doled out with a niggard hand, that it becomes vulgar and tawdry, and appears inconsistent with the objects of a sacred edifice."

Mr. Rudolf Lehmann and Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., are both engaged on memoirs. Those of Mr. Marks are likely to be largely anecdotic and humorous. Presumably, his book, "Pen and Pencil Sketches," will be published about the same time as his next exhibition of pictures of birds is held in Bond Street, and that will be one of the earliest of the winter series.

Westminster Abbey is so marred by its monuments that a feeling of relief is engendered whenever it is stated that only a mural medallion or flat pavement stone is to mark the resting-place of England's great dead there. The poet Browning was indeed great, but his artist son has, with commendable good taste, elected that his father's grave shall have merely a slab of precious marble, bearing the name and dates of birth and death, as tombstone. The marble has been found in Italy, and is being cut and inscribed in Venice, under the supervision of Mr. Barrett Browning. It will soon be transferred to Westminster.



"THE BRIGS OF AYR."—EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

NEW BRIG.

"Your poor narrow footpath o' a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet."

AULD BRIG.

"Conceited gowk! Puff'd up wi' windy pride! . . .
I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!"—BURNS.



FALLS OF GAIRSOPPA, WESTERN INDIA: BRINK OF "THE MAHARAJAH."



BRIDGE OF ROPES OVER THE SUTLEJ IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THE BASHFUL WOOER.
By G. Schachinger.

DREAM AS A DRAMATIST.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Readers of a well-known essay by Mr. Stevenson will remember his account of his dramatic dreams. His characters surprise him by what they do and say, and by the stories they enact on the visionary stage. This is not very singular in the case of an author of vivid imagination, but the same or similar experiences befall most of us, who have no imagination at all, in our conscious hours. For example, if he who now writes tries to compose a story the characters never come before his mental eye: he gives them hair of this colour, eyes of that, such and such a dress, such and such things to do and words to say, but he never sees them with his mind's eye nor hears them with his mental ears. In dreams all this is altered. We see and hear the characters whom our dream-fancy is creating, and are surprised by their words and acts. Even before falling asleep, when the eyes are closed, our vision is bright and distinct. For example, at this moment I cannot "visualise" a cat with any accuracy, but last night, being awake with eyes closed, I involuntarily visualised with great vivacity a cat who must have been suggested by one which I had seen in the day. In complete sleep the visualising, of course, is so distinct as to cause illusion; we not only see but believe in what we see. Thus, in dreams, we are all at least as imaginative as Shakespeare was when awake, or even as Blake was; and thus the more our ordinary every-day intellect is submerged, the more creative is our imagination. Genius must consist in getting outside of the every-day intelligence, while retaining the power of selection and control.

The peculiarity of the dream-mind, then, is its dramatic, creative, and *mythopœic* character. The savage tells himself a story to account for whatever he does not understand in nature. Thunder is caused by a god with a hammer. Dawn is a woman in a red kangaroo skin, given to her by her lover, and so forth. The dream-mind acts in the same *mythopœic* way—makes a dramatic story to account for an actual sensation. Something external impinges on one of the senses. Before we waken, the dream-mind has constructed a myth to explain the cause of our sensation, and has acted the myth on the visionary stage. Thus Waverley, on the morning of Preston Pans, dreams a scene in the halls of Fergus MacIvor. The pipes are playing: he awakens, and the pipes are playing and summoning the clan. Dream has invented a story to account for the sensation, and has thrown the story back, and depicted a long scene, or set of scenes, all in the infinitesimal moment of "real" time during which the dreamer is wakening. Time and space, probably mere conventions, useful hallucinations, are non-existent for the dream-mind. Dream "annihilates time and space to make two lovers happy," who are far from happy when they (or one of them, rather) awakes, "and behold! it is a dream." Thus considered, time and space are conditions fully binding only on the wide-awake ordinary self. If ever the dream-self gets disengaged from the ordinary self, we shall indeed be "as gods."

A curious example of the dramatic and *mythopœic*

quality in dreams, and of the power of compressing time, was once related to me by a lady, whose address I have lost, but I trust that she will excuse the narration of the anecdote, if she happens to come across it. It was one out of only two distinct dreams in her experience. She, in her dream, was sitting in her room, looking out on a beautiful clear autumn twilight. She heard a knock, heralding visitors, and going downstairs, found two strangers in her parlour. One she recognised—a relative who had died in her childhood. He was a little old gentleman, in a brown dress of the early part of the century. With him was a handsome lady in a Spanish mantilla. They had, on the table before them, a small ancient iron-bound chest. At this moment (still in the dream) a

dream-mind clearly started from the maid's first tap at the door. This was the knock announcing the arrival of the visitors in the dream. All the rest of the scenes were a myth, invented by the dream-mind to account for the first half-heard tap. The dream-mind created the person of the old forgotten relative, and invented, without any assistance from conscious memory, the lady of the mantilla, and her love story, and her death. The box, the securities, all the dresses and properties, were improvised by the dream-mind, and placed on the stage of vision. All this was done, all this drama performed, merely as a myth accounting for the first tap; and everything was invented, staged, and acted, in the moment between the first tap at the door and the second.

Our waking fancy, even in the case of genius, cannot crumple up time in this way, nor produce effects so vividly dramatic. Even genius, as a rule, has long periods of "waiting for the spark from heaven to fall," but the dream-self is careless of time and space.

In dreams of this kind "the effect antecedes the cause," or seems to do so, for the dream often leads up, by a long drama, to the sensational cause which has induced it, "yet ends with an event apparently contemporaneous with the excitation." This was not the case in the dream I have narrated, but there is the well-known example of Maury, who dreamed a long series of events on the French Revolution, ending with his being guillotined. When he awoke something had fallen on his neck, a rail over the bed. Madame Maury, his mother, was sitting by him, saw the little accident, and saw her son awake "at that very moment." The Baron Carl du Prel, if I do not misunderstand him, holds that another self, in the dreamer, foreknew the accident, and made the dream to lead up to it! Thus the dream precedes the sensation which, as we say, is its occasion and cause. To myself it seems infinitely more probable that the dream is a myth constructed by the mind to explain an effect, say a blow on the neck, in the period of time, inappreciable by our watches, between the impact of the sensation and the actual awakening. But I gather that the learned Du Prel (who is not always easy to understand) has no objection to my theory of "ideation without the physiological scale of time," which



"FETCH IT, SIR!"

servant entered with tea or some such refreshment, and, lo! the visitors vanished. The servant went out, and there were the visitors again. They had opened the coffer and displayed two sets of yellow old documents. One was a list of securities, one a list of names. The lady in the mantilla explained, while the old gentleman nodded assent, that he and she had been betrothed and that she had died before their marriage. The old gentleman had gone abroad at the Peace of Amiens, had been caught and detained on the outbreak of war, and this had led to some accident in his affairs by which the coffer and its contents had been neglected and the securities were still lying unclaimed. "They are," said the lady of the mantilla, "now in the keeping of Messrs.——"

A knock at the door. Enter the maid with tea, the maid in flesh and blood; disappearance of the dream. The solicitors' names were never communicated. Now, the

certainly "seems a deal likelier." The stories of second sight would be easily intelligible, if we assumed the possibility that, in abnormal persons, or in abnormal moments of normal persons, the intelligence may slip "the bond of time and manacles of space," as in sleep, while the subject is *not* in ordinary sleep. About time there is no doubt that sleep can free us from its bond; from space we are equally delivered. Scott says, "If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the second sight." But, clearly, if there is so much evidence, the inference is, not that the general laws of nature are abrogated, but that we do not yet know all these laws. "Bacon," says Scott, "was unable to resist the evidence." But our powers of resistance to evidence have greatly increased since the time of the author of the "Novum Organum."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W HUMPHON.—The ending of the game you forward is neatly played. Who was your opponent? Mr. Stow's problem is a neat little stratagem, and we shall have pleasure in giving it publicity in due course.

F R GITTENS.—Very glad to receive your contribution, which shall have every attention.

MAX J MEYER.—Thanks for problems, which we hope to find correct.

F R PICKERING.—The construction is legal, but rarely adopted by composers.

J W SCOTT.—It shall be examined.

C DUNN.—No. 1 is faulty by 1. Q to R 4th. No. 2 is correct, but wanting in all the best points of a good problem.

CONCERT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2623 received from: Krisik Toma (Buda Pesh); of No. 2624 from II H (Peterborough) and Emile Frau (Lyons), Gyuri (Buda Pesh); of No. 2625 from Sorrento, Emile Frau (Lyons), and II H (Peterborough); of No. 2626 from J F Moon, Captain, Chalfie (Great Yarmouth), T G (Ware), Emile Frau (Lyons), Thornbury (L. B.), E B Ford, P Jones (Newcastle Emlyn), C II Mother (Bourne), J Bail (Newcastle Emlyn), R F B Jones (Dover), W E Thompson, II H (Peterborough), Frank Davies (Newcastle Emlyn), F R Pickering, and Bruno Feist (Cologne).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 2627 received from T Roberts, E E H, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F J Gittins, T G (Ware), J Coad, Ubique, W P Hind, C D (Camberwell), Sorrento, J S Marston (Kidderminster), A Newman, Admiral Brandreth, Meurcius (Brussels), J R Balfour, C Wright, Shadforth, W Mackenzie, L Desanges (Torquay), L B Hurford, Tucker (Leeds), F Waller (Luton), G Joicey, Edward J Sharpe, M Burke, G T Hughes (Athy), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dr F St, C E Terugini, Alpha, Bruno Feist (Cologne), Dawn, R H Brooks, and Bluet.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2626.—By H. F. L. MEYER

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to KB sq	P takes R (a Q, ch)
2. K takes Q	Any move
3. R to K sq. Mate.	

If Black play 1. P to K 4th, then 2. R to B 2nd, and Kt mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2629

By A. BOLUS.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHES IN GERMANY.

The following games were played in the match between Dr. TARRASCH and Herr WALBRODT.

(*Gioco Piano.*)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. K R to K sq	Q R to R sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Kt to B 3rd	K to R 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. P takes P	P takes P
4. Castles		20. P to Q 4th	P takes P
<p>Authorities are fairly agreed that in this opening Castling may well be delayed for a few moves. Some suggest here P to B 3rd for White, as it tends to strengthen the centre at ewards by P to Q 4th. White then proceeding as in the text soon loses the advantage of the first move.</p>		21. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th
		22. Kt takes P	Q R to K sq
		23. R to K 4th	Kt to Q sq
		24. R to Q sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
		25. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
		26. P takes P	P takes P
		27. P to B 4th	P takes P
		28. R takes P	K to Kt sq
		29. Kt to B 4th	Kt (at B 3rd) to K 2nd
			P to B 3rd
		30. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th
		31. Q to Q 4th	Kt (at B 4th) to K 6th
		32. Q to B 5th	
<p>White now cannot gain time by P to Q 4th, the reply to which would be Kt takes P, as the Bishop has not attacked.</p>		<p>The point of all this is that if Q takes Kt at e4, Q 4th would be left en prise at e the exchange.</p>	
7. P to Q Kt 4th	B to K 3rd	33. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes R (at Q sq)
8. B takes B			Kt to B 6th
<p>A much more questionable proceeding is this capture, as to which there is something to be said for both sides.</p>			Kt to Q 4th
9. P to Q R 4th	P takes B		R to R sq
<p>Stale and unenterprising play characterises this advance, and indeed the whole of White's play in this game.</p>			R to R 8th (ch)
			R to R 7th
10. B to K 3rd	P to R 3rd		R takes Kt
11. B takes B	R takes B		Q to K B 2nd
12. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		R to K 8th,
13. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq		and wins.
14. P to K B 4th	P to R 3rd.		
15. Kt to K R 3rd	Castles		
16. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 2nd		

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Another coat was of fine brown melton, with black moiré revers and collar, finely worked just along the edges with tiny jet beads—just the sort of little spray design that a woman with some time on her hands might easily execute for herself before the moiré facings were put on the coat, and that yet, though so simple, gives greatly increased style. Another little plain black cloth coat, the edges rounded, was trimmed only by two rows of stitching, the facings being of the material; but three highly decorative big smoked-pearl buttons went up each side, and a very pretty blouse of pale yellow silk, trimmed with bands of white lace insertion from throat to bust, relieved the plain simplicity of the cloth. Blue serge made up in this style is immensely in demand at the shops, and one specimen has a red serge, deep, square collar, turned back from the coat over the shoulders, and a hunting red cloth vest; while another has a white piqué collar of the same wide design, the form of the undervest, however, being, in this case, a quite loose blouse of the piqué, to be drawn down under a red silk folded waistband, and a red, long tie is intended to be worn.

Cabby says that he cannot earn a "living wage" with his present system of extortion and violence. Yet half his day is wasted in loafing on the stand or crawling in the street; if he could get more custom he would surely be far better off. Thus the reforms that I wish to suggest to Mr. Asquith, now that the strike has brought cab-law reform into discussion, will really serve the cabmen's interests by making lady riders in cabs more numerous, and will, at the same time, make us more comfortable. They are: first, have an indicator in all cabs, to mark the distances; secondly, make a price for mile distances (which would pay the cabs as low fares for short drives pay the omnibuses); finally, weed out the men unfit to be cab-drivers by depriving any of them of his license on a *first* conviction for demanding more than his proper fare: such a man is a brigand, and nothing else; he may have a mission industrially somewhere, but it is not to be a cab-driver. The other day I took a cab by the hour at Oxford Circus, and drove to an hotel at Jermyn Street, where the man was kept waiting for exactly twenty minutes; then he drove to the Garrick Theatre, and, on alighting, I gave him half a crown, the time during which he had been in my employ being in all under forty minutes, and the distance traversed about a mile and a half. This cabman got down from his box and pursued me and my lady guest into the theatre, to the very head of the stairs leading to the stalls, loudly vociferating that he was underpaid. It is an outrage that such a man should be allowed publicly to blackmail ladies, and an injury to honest cabmen that such a one should make us feel averse to employing his class. I commend these considerations to honest, decent cabmen, as much as to Mr. Asquith, for I know that I am expressing what great numbers of ladies feel, and that this injures cabby's business. Give us short-distance fares, and fixed payments regulated by a mechanical indicator, and remove from the ranks at once all men proved unwilling to accept their proper fare quietly, and we will ride more.

ITALIAN CARVED WOOD FURNITURE.

About the year 1854 some rich Florentine gentlemen, most of them Hebrews, began to collect in their rambles through the country-sides some fine specimens of old-fashioned carved wood furniture, and to adorn their town houses with these spoils. This was at first looked on as an innocent mania, pardonable in people who had nothing better to do. Indeed, in those days there was much which local intellectual energies were bound to attend to. Italy had to be freed from the yoke of the Austrians and the local princes. When the national aim was at last attained, many other people began to imitate the gentlemen alluded to above; and the villages were scoured, the cottages were ransacked and deprived of fine specimens of an old art that seemed dead and forgotten.

At first the peasants were taken unawares, and consequently they disposed of really valuable pieces of carved wood furniture for ridiculously low prices. But that golden epoch for lucky purchasers lasted but a little while. Clever merchants and bric-à-brac dealers began to travel all over the land in order to collect specimens of this class of goods, so unexpectedly became the fashion, either for the home or the foreign market. Hence the peasants began to look upon their old rickety furniture as treasures worth their weight in gold; and gold they asked for them accordingly. Thus baffled, the merchants, with ready wit, set up a fine trade in counterfeits. The clever manual skill of the Tuscan workman is a familiar fact. The average Tuscan workman must not be asked to invent, but it is safe to give him an order for an imitation. He will execute it with perfect taste, and copy most accurately a given model, especially if this model is from his own local place. Thus the wily merchants became the unconscious cause of the revival of an industry that is now thriving excellently in Northern Italy and has created a perfect school of wood-carvers.

Till the mania for the antique subsided, the wood-carving workmen limited themselves to the perfect imitation of antique models. Old timber, generally oak or walnut, was easily obtainable. Out of this the clever artisans chiselled figures, animals, or flowers, according to patterns or to their individual taste. When the work was done the merchants completed it, riddling it here and there with partridge shot, in order to imitate the holes caused by worms. Then for some weeks the piece of furniture was kept in a damp cellar among rubbish of all kind. This was quite sufficient to give it the venerable appearance requisite in order to obtain a good sale to a "signore forestiero" (foreigner). The quantity of brand-new antique furniture which adorns elegant drawing-rooms both in Italy and abroad defies calculation.

But while this unscrupulous speculation was going on, M. Barbetti, a true artist, had set up an atelier, where under his guidance some young men carved furniture in wood, copying fine models of antique fourteenth and fifteenth century perfect workmanship.

After a while Barbetti exhibited some of his works. They met with general favour, and even enthusiasm, and

he at once found lots of patrons and imitators. Very wisely, he adapted the classical ornamentation to the requirements of modern times, and then created a style of furniture far superior in taste to that hitherto fashionable. By means of constant study and careful workmanship, Florence, Siena, and Pistoja became centres of this revival of wood-carving industry, and by and by several municipalities opened schools for bringing up boys to the profession. The financial result was highly satisfactory. From 1866 to 1880 Tuscany stood alone and first in the trade of carved wood furniture; and the names of Barbetti and Coppede, Bitisti and Bauer acquired large repute. The tide of foreign visitors, chiefly English and Americans, who annually overrun Tuscany were of immense benefit to this nascent native industry. Not only were the outcome of the ateliers bought, but Transalpine schools on the same models were initiated, with Italians as teachers and with models furnished by M. Coppede, the great Florentine wood-carver.

While this fine movement was beginning in Tuscany, a parallel one arose in Venice. Here a dynasty of wood-carvers, the Brustolon family, had from father to son transmitted a special taste for carving picture-frames. Under the double influence of local amateurs and intelligent foreign residents, the industry was resuscitated, and after the frames there came the turn of other carved pieces of furniture. Mr. Gugenheim, the well-known antiquary, is a merchant endowed with the refined taste of an artist. To him Venice owes a very "renaissance" of that artistic and lucrative industry.

At the National Exhibition of Milan (1881) and Turin (1884), as well as in the subsequent ones of Bologna, Palermo, and Genoa, all the Italian regions came well to the front in the matter of wood-carving. Lombardy, Piedmont, and Venetia produced some fair specimens, but all of them, though remarkable for skill in workmanship, were lacking in purity of design. Indeed, it was obvious to the most superficial observer that they were dealing with an imported art, not a natural growth—a genuine product of the soil. Moreover, a keen observer could detect that North Italians had in some cases strained themselves to trace new patterns of ornamentation, and in others to blend together Transalpine models with national traceries. The result in both instances was not a happy one from an artistic point of view. It is to be desired that North Italians should limit themselves to reproduce the patterns and the models of their ancestors, as the Tuscans invariably do. The exquisite tracery of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries cannot be adapted to the clumsy models of furniture so dear to the half-barbaric inmates of the Alpine valleys during the mediæval times.

It is the pride of democracy to elevate the sense of taste in the lower classes; and nowhere is that so true as in Italy. Hence, here we find cheap carved wood furniture within the reach of even the narrowest purses. Many are the shops in Florence where you can buy specimens of this sort. Of course, the raw material is neither oak nor walnut wood. The workmanship, too, is less skilful, and a good coat of varnish is obliged to make

up for the natural dark hue of a harder and more substantial timber. Nevertheless, the result is pleasant to the eye, and far more artistic than some much more expensive furniture. This cheap industry flourishes in Venice as well as in Florence, and many and many were the complaints we read in the London papers, after the Italian Exhibition held in the English metropolis, from gentlemen who had ordered and paid for reproductions of walnut-wood pieces of furniture, and who received instead common deal works. This, the want of a high business morality, is the shady side of Italian industry, and hinders the economic progress of the nation.

Another industry that is very remarkable in Florence is that of gilt carved wood for picture-frames. All the magnificent frames of the famous pictures of the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries are imitated to perfection by local artists, whose shops border the Via dei Fossi and Borgognissanti. The export of "ligno dorato" constitutes a large item of the city's trade. Strange to say, the process of gilding that the Florentines use, though common to all the gilders of the rest of the world, reaches a degree of perfection unattainable anywhere else. It is a fact that Florentine gilt frames do not tarnish and blacken like Parisian ones. It is said that the Arno water, which is exclusively used for moistening the plaster-of-Paris that coats the wood of the frame, and upon which the gold leaf is laid, has a special influence in the perfection of the work.

It is probable also that even the dry atmosphere of Florence during the summer months (in which the gilding is generally done) exerts a beneficial action. As a matter of course, hard wood is never used for frames: the Florentine artists resort to their famous "legno dolce." Under this description are known many kinds of non-resinous white wood, such as poplar, oppio (which is a very common kind of maple), and plantain, a tree very abundant in the neighbourhood of the city. The trade in picture-frames is now on the decline, owing to the importation from Germany of an extremely cheap article. The German frames are machine-made, and cost very little. They are bought by the yard, and, on the whole, answer their purpose. They have not yet acquired a right of citizenship in aristocratic drawing-rooms, and the Tuscan connoisseur rather prefers buying an old frame in an antiquarian shop than setting a good canvas in one of the glaring, tawdry products of industrious Germany. The research after old frames is a pleasant occupation for the rich and idle, and sometimes capital bargains are struck, to the contentment of both parties.

Some statistics will illustrate better than words the importance of the wood-carving industry in Italy. During the fiscal year 1890 Italy exported 12,828 metrical cwt. of furniture, of an aggregate value of 6,368,470f.; and 1211 cwt. of picture-frames, for an aggregate value of 703,900f. Wages run very high for good carvers: a first-class one may secure about eight francs per labouring day. It is understood that he has been frequenting the "Istituto delle Bell' Arti," along with sculptors and painters. Monteverde, the eminent sculptor, upon whom honours of all kinds have been bestowed by King and Ministries, began his career as a wood-carver.—HELEN ZIMMERN.

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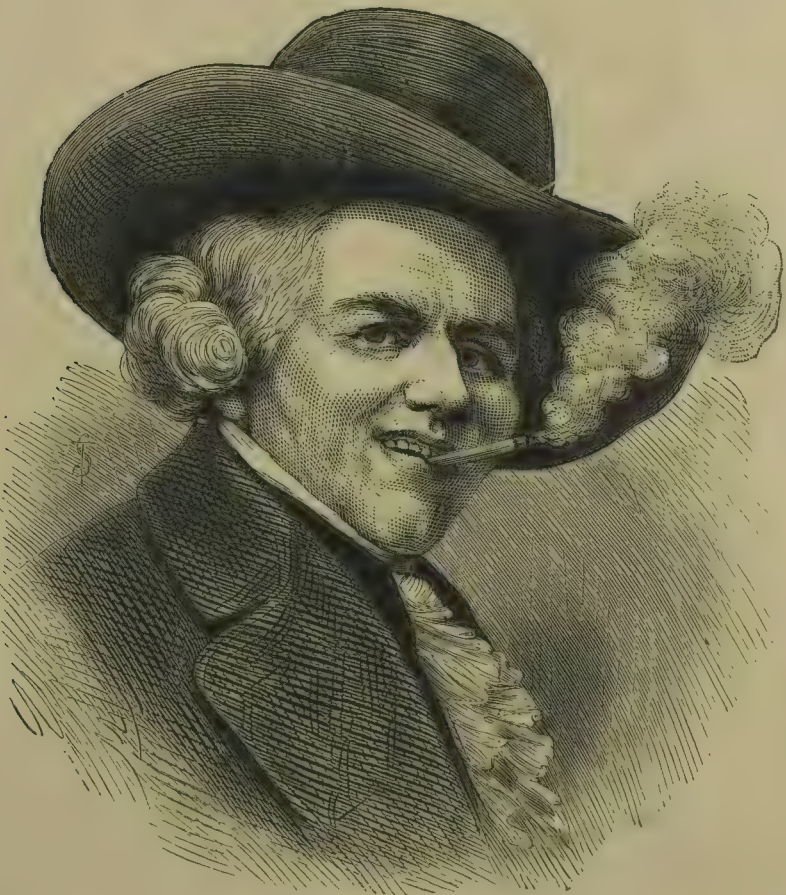
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Charles the Second's passion for the fair sex is proverbial, but if the playwrights and story-tellers may be believed, he would appear, in his salad days, to have shown little discrimination in selecting the objects of his worship, for during his many adventures on the flight from Worcester field, he seems always to have made love to the wrong woman. He certainly made a great mistake in supposing that pretty and innocent Mistress Lilian Clulow, the heroine of Mr. H. T. Johnson's clever little play, "Loyal," would yield to his sudden wooing while her brave and loyal old husband, Colonel Clulow, was straining his utmost to secure the fugitive young King's escape. Lilian was not one of your "he-women"; she had probably never even dreamt of Ibsen or of Sarah Grand; she was simply a good housewife, a loyal devotee of the throne, a loving and faithful wife to her grey-haired husband, and an adorably pretty woman. So that, when out of the innocence of her heart she told the royal young refugee that she longed to see him again in his own palace, it was foolish of him to take this as a sign of personal affection, and to go down on his knees to her and beg for an embrace. Moreover, it was reckless, considering there was only a curtain over the doorway, and the old Colonel was likely to return at any moment—as, indeed, he did—and with a stomach for mortal combat, King or no King. That the duel, however, did not take place, and that the loyal old Royalist saved the young King from the pursuing Roundheads, and then effectually snubbed Charles when he offered him knighthood, need hardly be said. If Mr. Johnson's well-written little play has not much of novelty to tell us—if from the very nature of its subject it lacks the essential dramatic stimulus of uncertainty, it possesses, at least, a certain pleasing flavour of romance; and, admirably interpreted as it is at the Vaudeville, especially by Miss Esmé Beringer, whose sympathetic acting strikes the true romantic note, "Loyal" serves to interest the audience and whet its appetite for the banquet of laughter provided by Mr. Arthur Law's very funny play, "The New Boy." This has just passed its two-hundredth performance with flying colours, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith and his clever company bid fair to keep "laughter holding both his sides" at the Vaudeville for many a hundred nights to come.

Some of the gods of the Gaiety Theatre were disposed to lamentations when Miss Jessie Preston essayed to fill the place of Miss Nellie Farren in the revival of "Little Jack Sheppard." Mr. Seymour Hicks had an equally arduous task in Mr. Fred Leslie's old part of Jonathan Wild. Both the new-comers, however, showed considerable spirit and resource. Miss Preston has a genuine vein of boyish humour, and Mr. Hicks will be even more successful when he departs from the traditional business of his predecessor, and relies more on his own invention. On the first night the company were nearly frightened to death, for it is a more serious thing to fill the places of old Gaiety favourites than to give a new reading of Hamlet. But there were signs that when this

nervousness passed off the performance would have plenty of life. Mr. Charles Danby was very entertaining as Blueskin, especially in his rendering of the Botany Bay song, and the *dan* of Miss Florence Levey's dancing was irresistible. As for a sentimental heroine, who is so sweet as Miss Ellaline Terriss? Perhaps some of the humours of the burlesque are no longer in their first youth, and here and there a jest is almost decrepit. But, after all, the oldest stagers can be replaced without difficulty, in the course of a few performances, by such experts as Mr. Yardley and Mr. H. P. Stephens.

OBITUARY.

LORD DENMAN.

The Right Honourable Thomas, second Baron Denman of



Dovedale, in the county of Derby, died suddenly on Aug. 9 at Berwick-on-Tweed. The late peer, born July 30, 1805, was the eldest son of the eloquent and distinguished advocate Thomas Denman, Lord Chief Justice of England, who was created, March 1834, Baron Denman of Dovedale. His Lordship was educated at Eton, and was called to the Bar (Lincoln's Inn) in 1833. He was Marshal and Associate of his father when Lord Chief Justice of England, and was a Deputy Lieutenant and a magistrate for the counties of Derby and Haddington. In December 1876, he assumed by royal license the additional surname of Aitchison. The nobleman whose death we record married, first, Aug. 12, 1829, Georgiana, the eldest surviving daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Roe, which lady died April 1871; and secondly, October 1871, Marion, eldest daughter of Mr. James Aitchison, of Alderston, Haddingtonshire, but leaves no issue. His great-nephew and successor, Thomas, now Baron Denman, is a lieutenant in the Royal Scots, and was born in November 1874.

LORD CHARLES THYNNE.

The Rev. Lord Charles Thynne died on Aug. 11 at Ditton Park, Slough, aged eighty-one. He was the seventh son of Thomas, second Marquis of Bath, K.G., by the Honourable Isabella Elizabeth, daughter of the 4th Viscount Torrington. He received his education at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and entering holy orders, became Rector of Kingston Deverell. In 1852 he joined the Church of Rome. The deceased gentleman married, in July 1837, Harriet Frances, daughter of the late Right Reverend Dr. Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and by her, who died in 1886, he leaves a son and a daughter, Gertrude, Countess of Kenmare.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dr. Arthur Edward Turnour, M.D., on Aug. 7, at his residence, Grove House, Denbigh, aged seventy-five. He

was the second son of the Hon. and Rev. Adolphus Augustus Turnour, third son of the second Earl Winterton. In June 1861, he married Frances Helen, his cousin, daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour, by whom he leaves two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Christopher Maling Webster, of Pallion Hall, in the county of Durham, on Aug. 7, in his eighty-third year. He was Deputy Lieutenant and a magistrate for Durham. He married, Aug. 14, 1839, Mary, elder daughter of the late Mr. Philip Laing (founder of the great shipbuilding firm of John and Philip Laing), and sister of Mr. James Laing, of Etal Manor, Northumberland, and Thornhill, Durham, which lady survives him.

Mr. Henry Etherington Smith, of Norris Hill, Leicestershire, on Aug. 3. He was a magistrate for the counties Derby, Leicestershire, and Lincoln, and was born in 1812. He married, in 1836, the only daughter of Mr. John Broadley, of South Ella, Yorkshire, and leaves issue.

Mr. Peter Esslemont, late M.P. for East Aberdeenshire, on Aug. 8, at his residence, Albyn Place, Aberdeen. He was Lord Provost of Aberdeen from 1880 to 1883, and was a J.P. and Deputy Lieutenant for that county. In 1885 he was elected M.P. for East Aberdeenshire in the Liberal interest; but in 1892 he retired on appointment as Chairman of the Scottish Fisheries Board. He was twice married.

Lady Pigott (Frances), widow of Sir Gillery Pigott, of Sheffield Hill, near Basingstoke, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Drake, of Ashday Hall, Yorkshire, on Aug. 9, at Brighton.

Lieutenant-General Gustavus Nigel Yonge, on Aug. 10, at Chichester, aged eighty. He entered the Army in 1834, and served with the Queen's Royals throughout Lord Keane's campaign in Afghanistan, and was severely wounded at the storming of Ghuznee.

A comparative review of the four expeditions now engaged in exploring the North Polar or Arctic Regions was presented by Colonel H. W. Fielden to the Geographical Section of the British Association of Science at Oxford. These expeditions are the Norwegian Dr. Nansen's, in the *Fram*, the present whereabouts of which is unknown, intending to cross the ice of the Polar Sea; the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, in the *Windward*, which recently left Archangel for Franz Josef Land beyond Nova Zembla; the American journalists' expedition, under Mr. Wellman, whose vessel, the *Ragnvald Jarl*, has been crushed in the ice off Walden Island, north of Spitzbergen, on May 28; and the explorations of Peary and Astrup on the northern shores of Greenland. Colonel Fielden himself, as one of Sir George Nares's Polar expedition, visited North Greenland in 1876, and he has now just returned from a cruise to the north of Spitzbergen, looking out for Mr. Wellman's party, whose fate is still uncertain.

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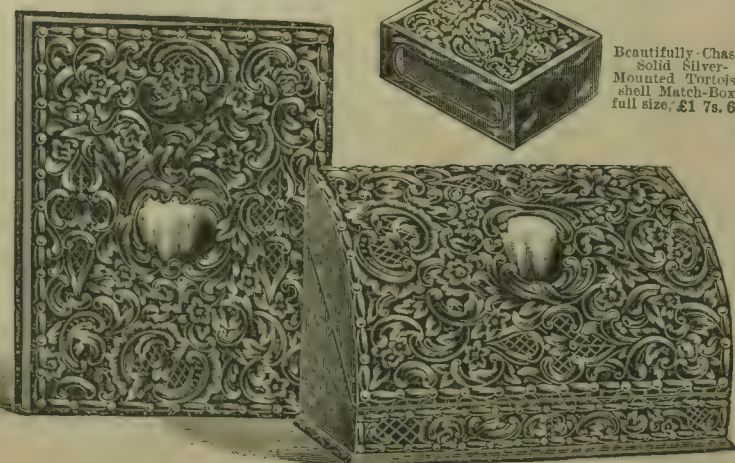
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232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books, value **£41,904.**



THE FIRST OF THESE MONTHLY COMPETITIONS was held on JAN. 31, 1894, and will be followed by others each month during 1894.

Competitors to Save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the Number of the District Competitor lives in.

No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:

Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's Premier Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tires, value £20*

The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.

The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.

The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.

The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.

The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.

The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.

* The Bicycles are the Celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube Premier Cycles (Highest Award Chicago 1893), manufactured by the Premier Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tires, Salsbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 405 Saddle, Tool Valise, Harrison's Gong, Pump, &c.

RULES.

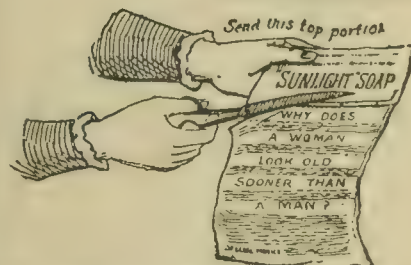
I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employés of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families, are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District, will be forwarded 21 days after each competition closes, to those competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.

Value of Prizes given each month in each district.			Total Value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894.		
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
100	0	0	9600	0	0
84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
			41,904	0	0



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MYRTLE GROVE CIGARETTES.

COOL SWEET FRAGRANT

TO-DAY'S FASHIONS IN MOURNING ATTIRE.

ALSO ELEGANT DRESS NOVELTIES
IN ALL NEUTRAL SHADES.

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FURNITURE
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THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
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Oilmen, &c.
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement and codicil (dated respectively May 14, 1883, and Aug. 8, 1893) of Mr. Joshua Heywood Collins, of Kelvindale, near Glasgow; paper-maker, who died on June 13 at Lagarie Row, Dumbartonshire, granted to Robert McEwen, Edward Collins, the son, John Ebenezer Young, Henry Heywood Ball, the grandson, and William Craig Robertson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 4, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £222,000.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1892) of Mrs. Elizabeth Allan, of Gorse Wood, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 7, 1892, was only proved on Aug. 6 by James William Smith and Thomas Ashbridge Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £104,000. In exercise of the power given to her by the will of her late husband, George William Allan, she appoints and bequeaths £1000 each to her executors; £5000 each to her goddaughter, Gertrude Maud Elizabeth Hughes, and to George William Hughes; some freehold land at Leyton, Essex, to Jane Adelino Smith; and other legacies. She also appoints and bequeaths out of the estate of her late husband £10,000 each to the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, the London Hospital (Whitechapel Road), and the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park); £5000 each to the Cancer Hospital (Brompton) and the Brompton Hospital for Consumption; £2000 each to the Middlesex Hospital, Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, King's College Hospital, and the Great Northern Central Hospital; £1000 each to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, and Epilepsy (Welbeck Street), the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (Blackfriars), the National Orthopedic Hospital for the deformed (Great Portland Street), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West Hill, Putney), St. Mark's Hospital (City Road), St. Peter's Hospital for Stone (Henrietta Street), the East London Hospital for Children and

Dispensary for Women (Shadwell), the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Victoria Hospital for Children (Queen's Road, Chelsea), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Orphan Working School (Haverstock Hill), the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), and the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham); and £500 each to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Surgical Aid Society (Salisbury Square), all free of duty. She appoints and bequeaths the residue of the estate of her late husband and the residue of her own estate to the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, and the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1888), with two codicils (dated July 4, 1889, and May 5, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Macaulay Miller, of Bristol, merchant, who died on June 13, was proved on July 18 at the Bristol District Registry by Alfred Welsh Miller, the brother, and Henry Napier Abbot, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £88,000. The testator gives all his jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Julia Mary Miller; his dwelling-house, Westbury-on-Trym, and £1500 per annum to her for life or widowhood; and legacies to his executors and to two clerks. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares; and in default of children he bequeaths £10,000 to his brother, Alfred Welsh Miller, and the ultimate residue to the person or persons who would have been entitled thereto under the Statute for the distribution of an intestate's effects if he had died intestate and without a widow and children.

The will (dated May 17, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 29, 1891), of Mr. John Kaye, J.P., of Clayton West, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who died on June 24, was proved on July 25 by Robert Potter Berry and Henry Brook Dransfield, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £86,000. The testator gives £1000, and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, and

live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Kaye; his household furniture, plate, pictures, ornaments, effects, and carriages to his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint; his mansion house at Clayton West, with the pleasure-grounds, &c., and £1200 per annum, to his wife, for life; £10,000, upon trust, for the children of his daughter, Harriette Marshall Brook; £25,000, upon trust, for John Kaye Bradbury, the eldest son of his daughter Eliza Bradbury; £25,000, upon trust, for the other children of his last-named daughter; his freehold mansion at Scarborough to his daughter Mrs. Bradbury, for life, then to her husband, Robert Bradbury, for life, and then to the second son of his said daughter; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said grandson John Kaye Bradbury, for life, and then for his children or issue as he shall by deed or will appoint.

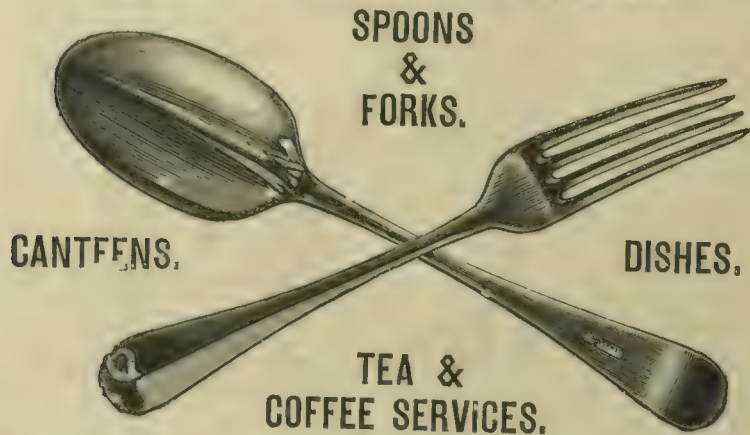
The will (dated Oct. 24, 1891) of Mr. John Scott, of Hunslett Road, Leeds, who died on June 26, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on July 30 by Samuel Scott Stanley, Joseph Gale, and George Mellen, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Leeds General Infirmary, the Leeds Dispensary, and the Leeds Tradesmen's Benevolent Institution; and, should he not have done so in his lifetime, £10,000 to his executors to erect and endow ten almshouses in Hunslett. There are also many other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to Samuel Scott Stanley.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1893) of Mr. George Goldsmid, of 114, Piccadilly, who died on June 28, was proved on Aug. 6 by Ernest George Mocatta and Herbert George Lousada, the nephews, and Henry Lucas, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), the West London Synagogue (Upper Berkeley Street), the Jews' Free School (Bell Lane, Spitalfields), the Jews' Infant Schools, Commercial Street and Tenter Street, Spitalfields, the Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor

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MERCHANTS, SHIPPERS, AND HOTELS SUPPLIED.

CHILDREN TEETHING
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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
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"Lanoline" Soap.....6s & 1/2
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SCOTCH TWEED ULSTERS, choice patterns, with detachable Cape,
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The MACINTOSH OF THE SEASON, in checked waterproof Tweeds, with detachable Cape,
21s.

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"Full Dress"



CIGARETTES.

YOU SHOULD TRY THESE CIGARETTES! One trial will do more to convince you than anything that can be said in their favour. Incidentally we might add that the "FULL DRESS" Cigarettes are made from the highest grade Virginia Tobacco, and IMPORTED from the United States.

Manufactured by Kinney Bros., New York.

Sold by all Tobacconists,


in Packets of 20, or in Boxes of 50 and 100.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.
OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 2s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.



Refuse all Substitutes.

(Devonshire Square), University College Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), and Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, Marylebone; £150 each to his executors; £1000 and all his plate, jewellery, and effects, not specifically bequeathed, to his sister, Rachel Mocatta; £50 and an annuity of £50 to his brother, Sydney Goldsmid; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his sister, Rachel Mocatta, for life, and then for Constance Augusta Goldsmid, the widow of his brother Alfred, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 31 following), of the Rev. Edward Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 7, was proved on Aug. 4 by Edward Brodie Hoare and Charles Sumner Hoare, the sons, and Miss Maria Richenda Hoare, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, except some personal articles which are to be distributed among all his children, for the use of his daughters who are spinsters; £4000 each to his daughters Maria Richenda, Katherine Anne, and Louisa Mary; £2000 each to his sons the Rev. John Gurney Hoare and the Rev.

Joseph Charles Hoare, and his daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Shann; £1000 each to his sons Edward Brodie Hoare, Arthur Edward Hoare, and Charles Sumner Hoare, and his daughter Mrs. Anne Hoare; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he gives to his children Joseph Charles, Maria Richenda, Katherine Anne, Louisa Mary, and Elizabeth, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 15, 1885), with a codicil (dated Aug. 20, 1892) of Mrs. Margaret Currie, of West Burton, Sussex, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 4 by Thomas Valentine Smith, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Heywood Johnstone, to apply as he may think fit towards the expenses of the Bury Club House at Bury; £500 to the Church Penitentiary Association; and numerous and considerable legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, and also to servants. The residue of her property she gives to her sister Julia Wells.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Hon. Mrs. Margaret Ann Pereira, of 44, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on July 7, intestate, were granted on July 28 to George Edward Pereira, the son,

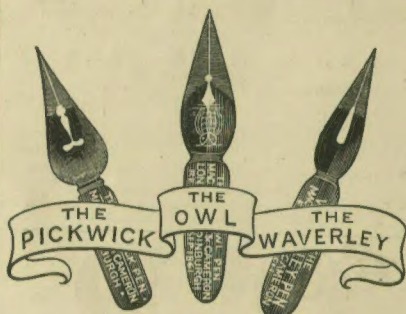
and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9562.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Pennington Leigh, of Gladwyn, Tower Road, Branksome, Dorset, were proved on July 31 by the Rev. Edward Penrose Hathaway and Henry Rose, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,208.

The battalions forming the Army of Exercise on Dartmoor are encamped on High Down, an exposed ridge between Roborough and Okehampton, and operations will be carried out under the directions of Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Harrison, over the western part of Devon.

To commemorate the marriage of his daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, the Emperor Alexander III. has founded "The Xenia Institute" for the education of women. Her Imperial Highness, with the Grand Duke Alexander, her cousin and husband, met with a carriage accident on the road from Krasnoe Selo to Ropsha, where they spent some days of retirement. The Grand Duchess was thrown out, and her face was slightly cut or bruised; she was not seriously hurt.

THE BOONS & BLESSINGS



"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

Sample Box, 1s. 1d. by Post.

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BEFORE CROSSING THE CHANNEL

If you wish to have a Pleasant Trip, perfectly free from Sea-Sickness, buy a bottle of

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And take it with you.

ANY CHEMIST WILL SUPPLY IT FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

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Dean Street, Liskeard."

"Messrs. LAMPLOUGH & Co.,
Holborn."

£10 to £100. CHEAP PIANOS.—Broadwood, £10; Broadwood, £15; Cramer, £16; Chappell, £18; Kirkman, £19; Erard, £20; Broadwood, £25; Collard, £30; Bechstein, £40; Erard, £50; Broadwood, £75; Broadwood, £100. Write for Descriptive Lists of THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S GREAT SALE, 27, Baker Street, London, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS. PIANOFORTES. For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM. Pianos exchanged. New and Second-hand Pianofortes. JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS, Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' PIANOFORTES are unsurpassed, and possess features which give to them distinct advantages, viz.: Perfect Materials. Perfect Adjustment. Perfect Inventions. Perfect Finish. Perfect Construction. Perfect Action. Perfect Sensibility of Touch and Tone. Legion of Honour. Numerous Gold Medals.

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TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE. J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL writes—"In flavor, brightness and quality, the 'Specialite' Lime Juice Cordial appears to be the best that could be desired, and it belongs to class of beverages that can be freely used."

A FREE SAMPLE to be had of all Grocers, Chemists and Wine Merchants or of the Proprietors: FELTOE & SMITH, Ltd., AUGUSTUS ST., LONDON, N.W.

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THE LANCET writes—"Messrs. Feltoe carried off the palm with their 'Specialite' Lime Juice Cordial."—June 16th, 1883, in its report on the National Health Exhibition.

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to the face, hands and arms in hot weather are the effects of

Removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness. Heals all cutaneous defects, produces lovely skin. Warranted harmless. Bottles 2/3, 4/6. Ask for Rowlands' genuine Kalydor.

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Mild in operation, perfectly safe and free from injurious drugs.

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A trial of a box is earnestly solicited as immediate relief is sure.

It acts like magic in relieving all Pain and Throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate Corns & Bunions.

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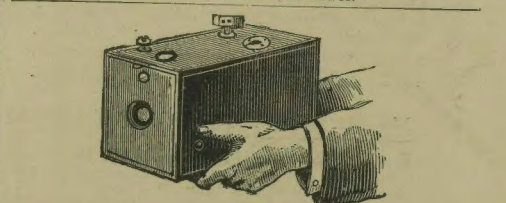
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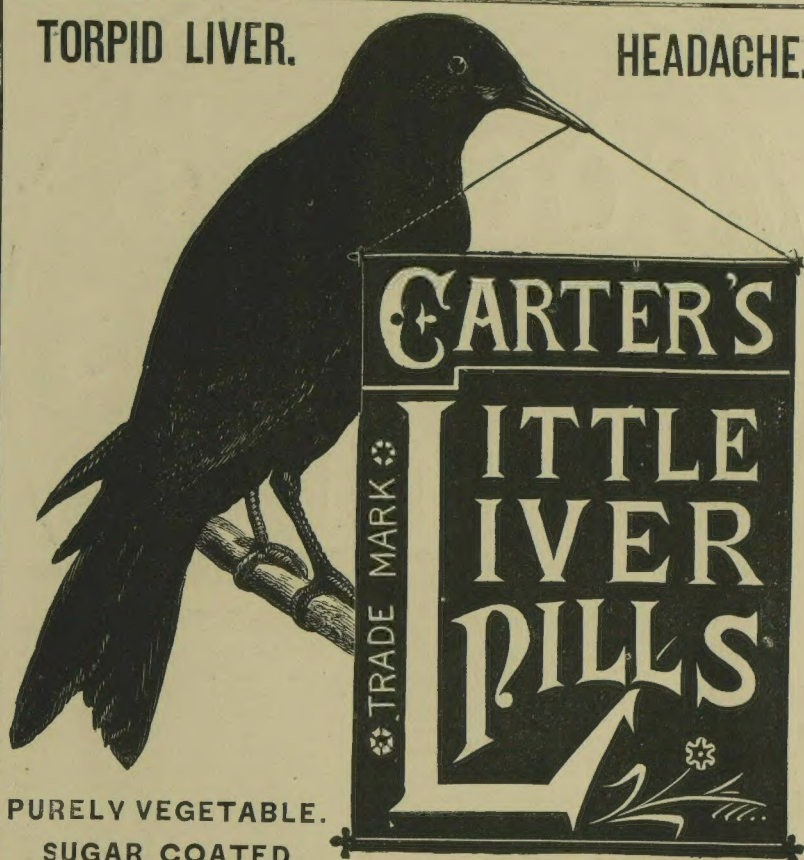
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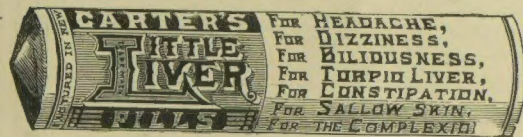


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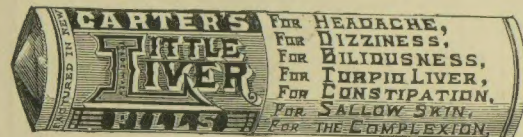
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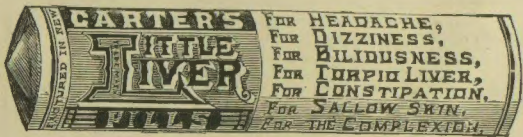
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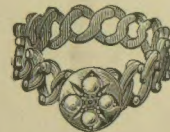
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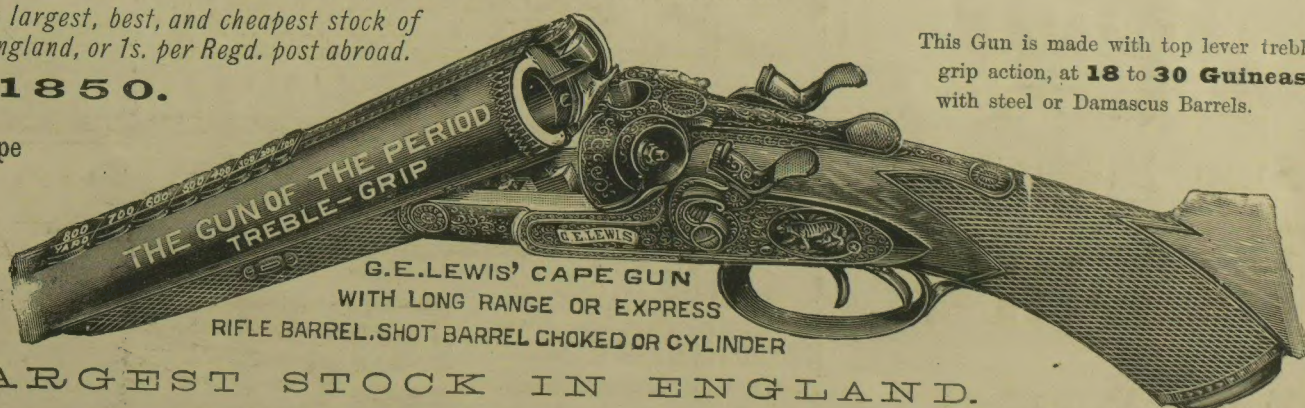
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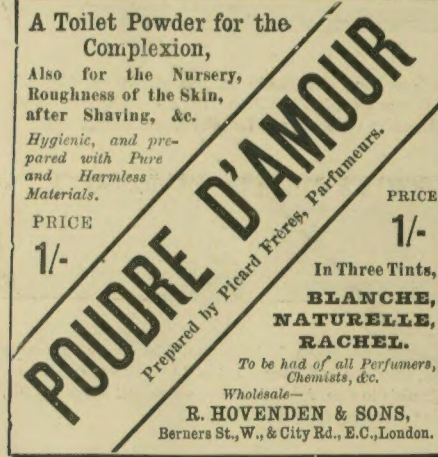
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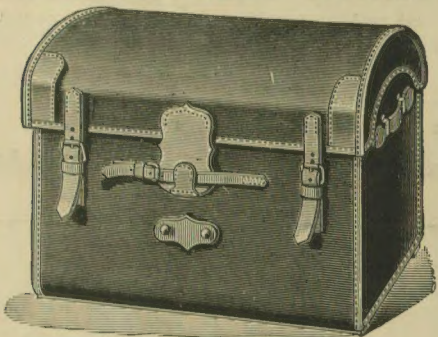


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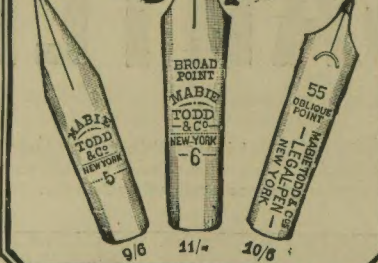


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